# Saturday Night

JUNE 23RD 1956 TEN CENTS

## Canada Needs Those Yankee Dollars

BY JOHN D. PATTISON

## What To Do About The Arts

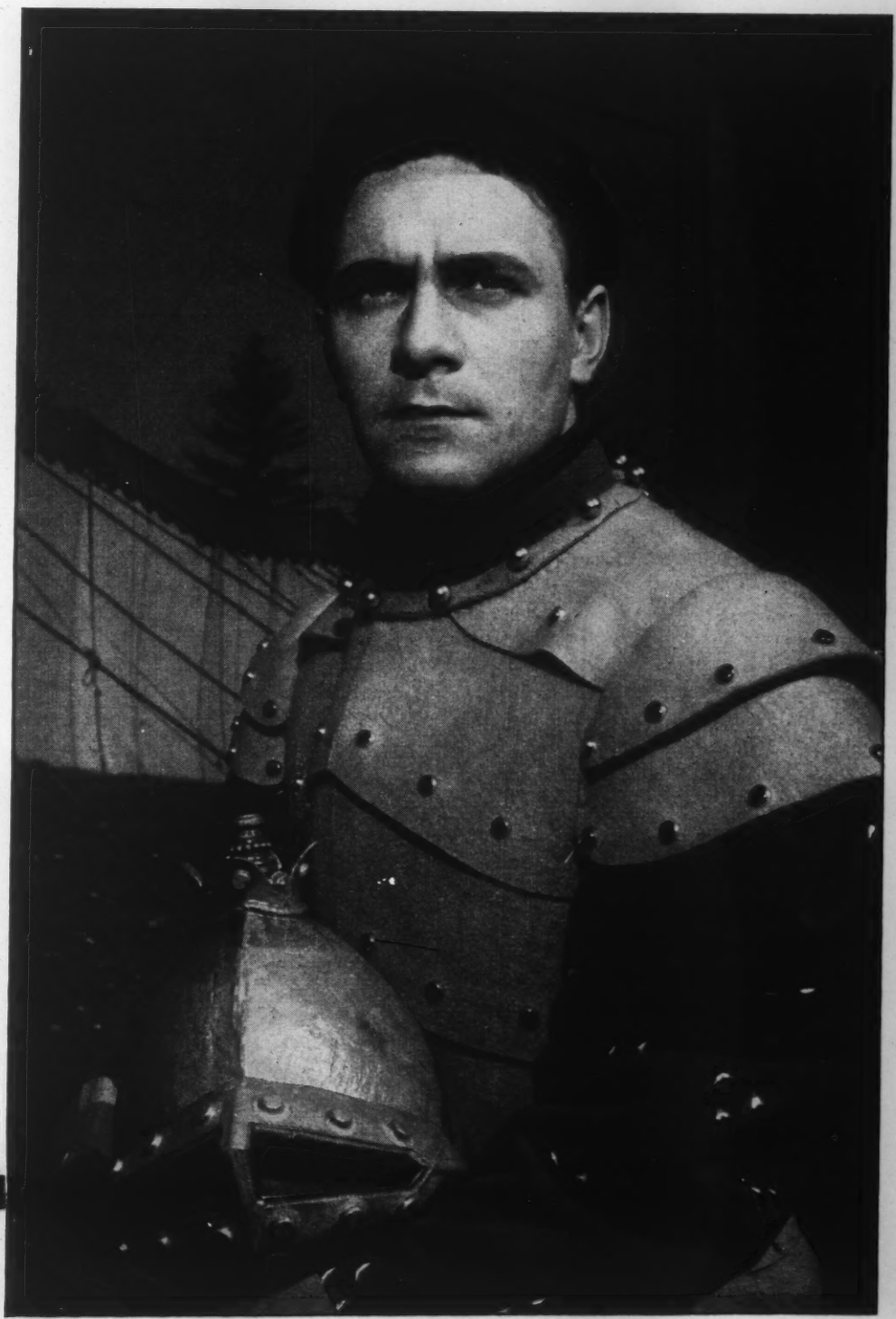
BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

## The Amazing Bridge Builder

BY HARRY RASKY

## Holiday Photography

BY REX FROST



Christopher Plummer: Page 13

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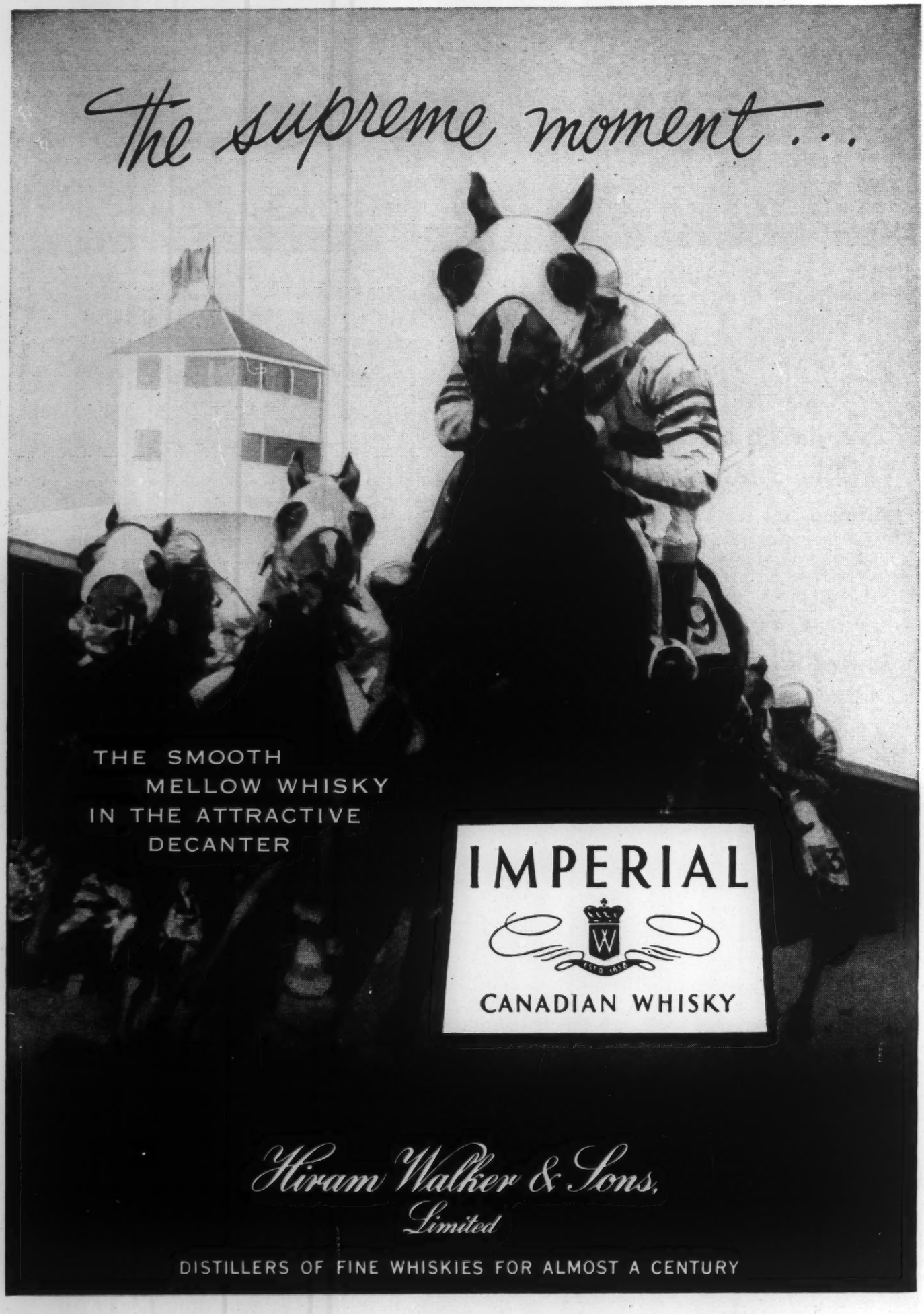
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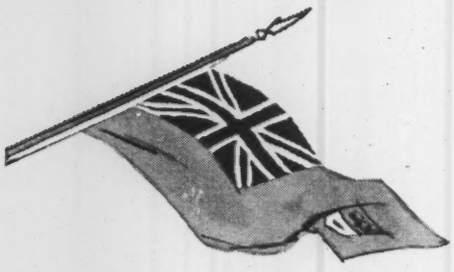

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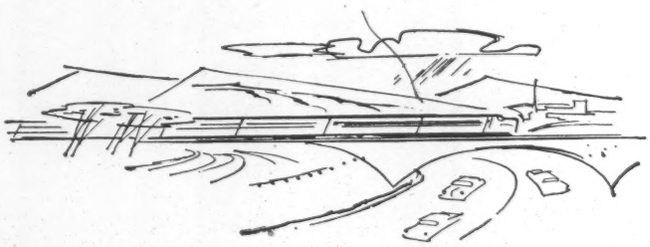

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# THE FRONT PAGE

- **Parliament's Moment of Truth**
- **Growth at Stratford**
- **Answer to Terror**
- **Needs of a Technical Age**

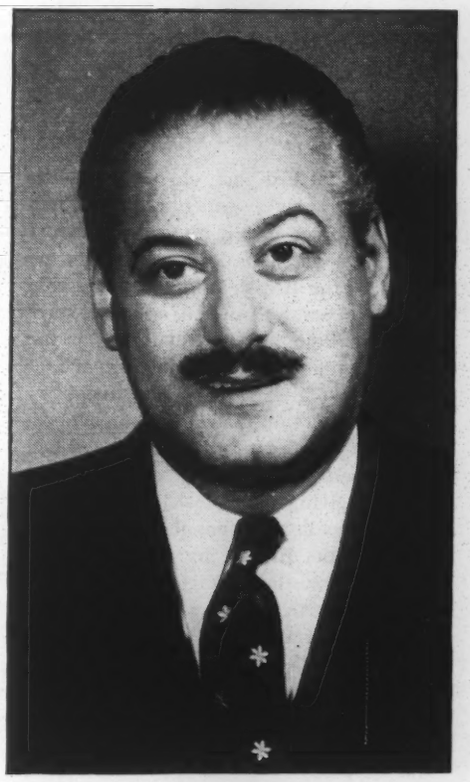
## Moment of Decision

ECHOES of the great pipeline debate will be heard in Canada as long as this country remains a democracy. It is one of the decisive moments in our constitutional history. From this point, Parliament can grow into a stronger, more respected instrument for the handling of the nation's affairs, or it can decline until it is nothing more than an empty symbol of political responsibility.

It is too close to the event to judge whether the immediate results of the debate, in the net, are good or bad. The rowdy scenes in the Commons did no lasting damage to the prestige of Parliament, and on the credit side revived public interest in what is done in the House. It was good for a bumptious, over-confident Government to be roughed about a bit. It was good for Members to be forced to think about procedures they knew nothing about or flaccidly took for granted. But bad precedents have been established or confirmed, and a Speaker (although not the office) has been well-nigh destroyed.

Parliament has been heading for this moment, however, for a long time—possibly since Confederation. It is a moment born of narrow partisanship, of political immaturity, of parochial party discipline, of Governments enjoying power too long, of Oppositions embittered by the frustrations of impotence, and above all of the failure of both Governments and Oppositions to recognize the necessity of protecting the impartiality of the Speaker. If the moment had not come this year, it would have come next year or the year after that. If it had not been the pipeline, it would have been some other bit of legislation to ignite the fumes that have been collecting for so long in the Commons.

From here, we believe that Parliament will go on to a richer future. Its steel will be tempered by the fury of the pipeline debate. Cracked rules and strained procedures can be repaired. But one thing must be done: the Speaker must be protected. The primary lesson of the debate is surely that the Commons cannot function when the Speaker does not command full authority.



*René Beaudoin: A relentless course.*

The Speaker must be freed of immediate party ties, as he is in the United Kingdom. The office should not change hands and the man holding it should not have to fight partisan election campaigns every few years. The job should not be considered a stepping-stone to other more comfortable offices.

What has happened to Mr. Speaker Beaudoin was inevitable. It would have happened to any man in his position and under the same circumstances. Lashed by the fury of the Opposition's attack on the one side, pushed by the grim pressure of the Ministers of his own party on the other, the Speaker moved like a figure in a Greek drama along a relentless path to doom. The tragedy was deepened by the circumstance that, until this debate, Mr. Beaudoin had been a good Speaker, the best in many years, and just the sort of person to do the job in successive parliaments, a party man only for the records. But somewhere in the procedural bedlam he had to make a mistake too grievous to be ignored, and just as surely the Opposition had to move that he be censured. No vote that did not express unanimous confidence in the Speaker could restore his lost authority and prestige.

Prime Minister St. Laurent has hinted that steps may be taken to give more continuity and impartiality to the office of Speaker. It cannot be too soon. Without the repair of this essential bit of Commons machinery, the parliamentary system will shake itself to bits.

## Travelling Dog

WE like dogs, but we get pretty tired of stories of how smart they are and how stupid their masters. There is a dog in Toronto which has the wits to hop aboard a streetcar when it wants to travel more than a couple of blocks. It's clever enough to get rides without paying, but after several months still doesn't know enough to ask the operator about the right stop—it hops off, looks around to get its bearings and hops on again. We don't know if it always gets where it wants to go, but the human passengers can at least get lost without constantly jumping in and out of the vehicle.

## A Growing Festival

THE pattern for the future development of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival seems to have been set this season. People attending this week's opening performances are seeing a broader use of Canadian theatrical talent. The rich dramatic resources of French-Canada have been tapped to make this year's company more truly national than it has been before, and with rewarding results. And as the season wears on, the enlarged program of music, art, films and so on will combine to make the Festival more than ever one of the continent's outstanding cultural events. It is still primarily a Shakespearean Festival (and must remain so), but the foundation is being laid for a varied, mature "Fair of the Arts" that could rival anything, anywhere.

When permanent buildings are put up, providing for control of inside climate,

*British vehicle after Cypriot bombing: "It's as simple as that".*

the Festival's directors will undoubtedly give a lot of thought to extending the season. With a stepped-up publicity campaign, an extension would probably be financially rewarding. There may be a temptation to hurry the growth, to become too big too soon, to sacrifice some quality for more quantity—just as there must be a temptation to hold back the growth, to venture little past what has already been successful. But we are convinced that excessive caution could be more damaging to the future of the Festival than could over-optimism and bursting enthusiasm.

## A Problem for NATO

BRITAIN'S Prime Minister Eden has said that his country must guard her interests in the Middle East oil lands; without oil, Britain dies. And essential to the job of guarding is a secure British base on Cyprus. "It's as simple as that," Sir Anthony said.

Cyprus is not simply a British concern, however. The dispute affects the whole North Atlantic alliance—and if NATO is worth having, it's worth saving. Others in the alliance cannot be idle spectators when bitterness between two members grows closer each day to outright enmity. So far the United States has not improved the situation by meddling, but mediation is desperately needed and it is up to the other NATO members to ease both Britain and Greece from the tight corners into which they backed.

It doesn't help much at this stage to say that the Greek claim to Cyprus is a flimsy one, or that the island would become just another Greek slum if the British moved out, or that the Greek Government is using the squabble to take attention away from its domestic deficiencies. What matters now is that Cyprus will continue to be a running sore on the body of NATO as long as no political settlement of the dispute can be made.

What the British are carrying out on the island now is a police action. They have been forced into it by Cypriot terrorists, but terror is a futile answer to terror. Eventually, the British troops may be able to stop the bomb-throwing and the sniping, but in doing so they will forfeit the tolerance even of those Cypriots (and at present they are probably a majority) who are moderate and do not support Eoka, the terrorist organization. When that happens, of course, any political settlement giving the British a secure base on Cyprus will be impossible.

Nor can the British, by force of arms, indefinitely postpone Cypriot self-determination, particularly when the U.K. Government has already conceded the principle of self-determination and offered self-government of a sort. Without a political settlement, the British will be forced to leave, sooner or later.

Sir Anthony and his colleagues have apparently exhausted their ideas. The Greek Government does nothing but feed the flames of dispute. It is up to the other NATO members, then, to engineer a settlement before the situation passes the point of no return.

## A Tribute

SO MUCH has been said about the scenes of disorder in the House of Commons during the pipeline debate that too little recognition has been given the extraordinarily high calibre of much of the debate during the calmer moments. Eloquent performances were given by men who hitherto had delighted in the humdrum. But the most memorable was that of Stanley Knowles, the CCF member for Winnipeg North Centre, and we add our tribute to those he has already received; he has richly earned them all. We often disagree with what Mr. Knowles has to say, but we always admire the way he says it. He has wit to illuminate his knowledge, fervor to kindle his convictions, and in the pipeline debate he clothed these gifts in an impeccable suiting of words. For a performance to remember, thank you, Mr. Knowles.

## Uncle!

THE energy and stamina of the modern woman appears to have some limitations after all. "She was the most wonderful mother," an acquaintance of ours said, describing an acquaintance of hers, "and yet she found time for all sorts of outside activities—Home and School, citizens' forums, adult education, all that sort of thing. It was the same when she was a grandmother. She couldn't do enough for her grandchildren and they adored her." She paused, and then added worriedly, "But for some reason she doesn't take much interest in her great-grandchildren".

## Society's Needs

SCARCELY a week goes by without some person prominent in business, public affairs or education making gloomy note of the failure of the North American educational system to produce the engineers and technicians needed in a technological society. This was the theme of the speech made at the recent meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association by Crawford Gordon Jr., president of A. V. Roe Canada Limited. And instead of merely bewailing the situation, Mr. Gordon announced that in September his company would sponsor a broad conference on scientific and engineering manpower.

All too often, complaints about the inadequate numbers of engineers being graduated from North American schools are related to what is being done in Russia. The Russian rate of graduation has no bearing on what is required in Canada or the United States. Simply to equal or surpass the Russian rate means nothing. The question to be answered is: are we producing enough properly trained minds to keep our society growing in strength and vigor? Clearly we are not. Therefore an answer must be found to the next question: how can we solve this production problem? Politicians have ducked the query. Educationists have been fumbling with it.

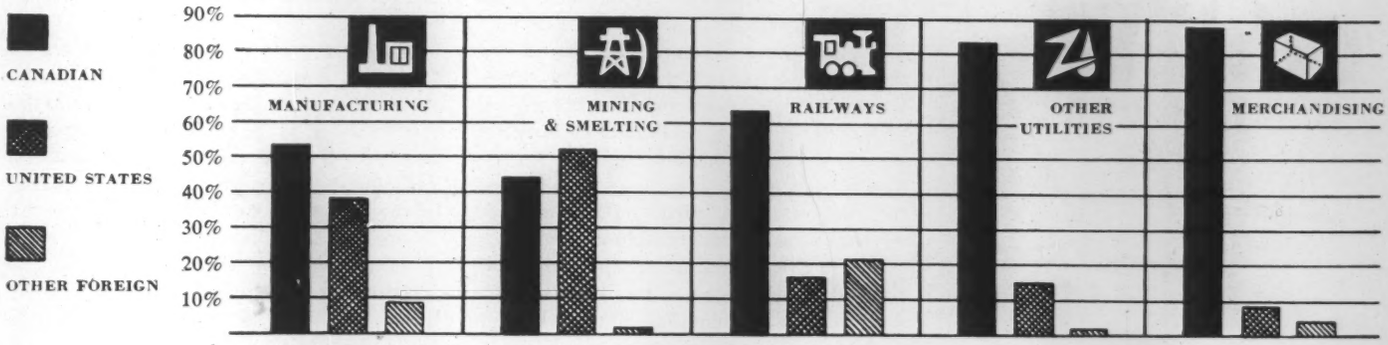
Let us hope that more progress will be made at such conferences as that sponsored by Avro, because a solution must be found soon.

It will be a pity, however, if the conference confines itself to the technical requirements of society. The great need is not simply for engineers and scientists, but for many more men and women who can see beyond the machines, the bridges and the mechanical brains to the people for whose benefit these things are designed —for men and women of unquenchable intellectual curiosity, whose imaginations have been disciplined but not stifled.

## INVESTMENT IN CANADA

Ownership of total investment in Canadian industry: Canadian 67%, Foreign 33%.

*Percentage of Investment in selected industries:*




Mining and smelting includes petroleum exploration and development.

Figures taken from DBS report, Canada's International Investment Position 1926-54.

# Canada Needs Those Yankee Dollars

*by John D. Pattison*

**It would be a catastrophe for Canada and for the Free World if the current loose talk succeeded in frightening away the vast U.S. investment in Canadian enterprise.**

THE CONTROVERSY over American investment in Canada has no logical explanation. Canadians have lived so long and so successfully with foreign capital, one would think that we would have become thoroughly accustomed to it. We have enough experience to know that there is nothing to fear and a great deal to be gained when a country such as ours is assisted in its development by foreign capital and skills. Without foreign capital we would not have got where we are today.

The always emotional and often nonsensical talk about American ownership deserves attention. Otherwise, the talkers may acquire a following and do a great deal of harm. A cabinet minister recently observed that "they (the critics of American capital) are scaring the goose that lays the golden eggs".

For the Let's-Do-It-Ourselves, it should be a sobering experience to sit back and consider what might happen if the confidence of the United States were truly shaken. It could lead to a flight of capital, a break-down of defence co-operation, and a breach in the traditional relations we have established. It would be a catastrophe, not only for Canada, but for the free world.

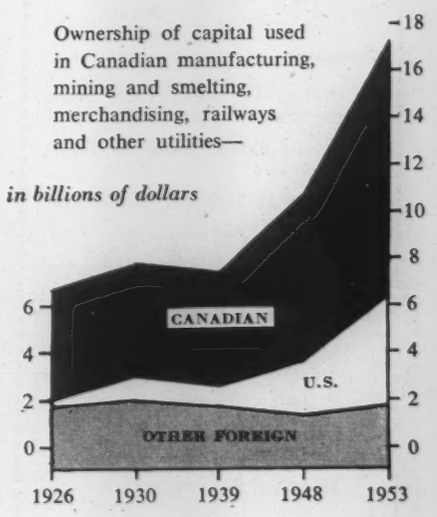
The criticisms of American capital are many and varied. A popular one is that it is exploiting Canada. "Exploiting" has become a dirty word, though it means the development and use of an otherwise idle resource. The implication is that the foreigner is coming here and taking away irreplaceable resources, and that after a time there will not be enough for ourselves.

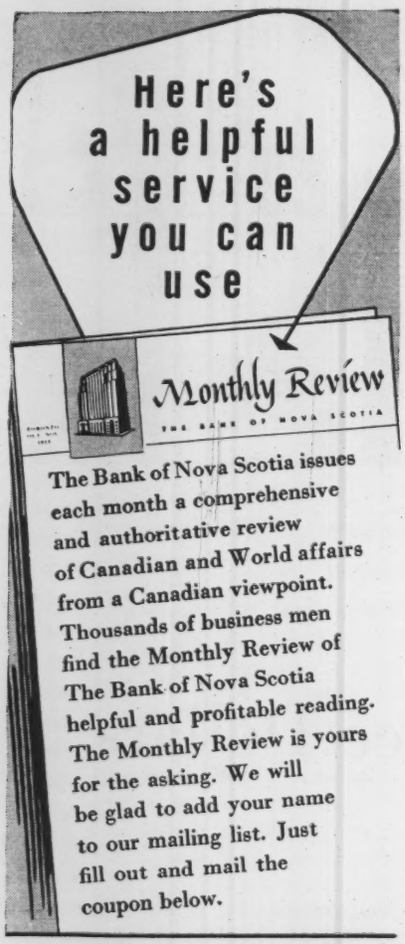
This argument has enough sense in it to attract considerable support. However, the commodities that American capital develops and Canada exports are available here in such quantity that we could not possibly use them all ourselves. In many cases the fact that the Americans provide a market permits operations on a large scale. On no other basis would some of our largest projects be economic. By providing the fundamental factors of market, capital, and know-how, none of which is available here in the required quantity, the American capital makes the development possible. The Labrador iron ore project is an example of this. Without the assurance of a large market and financial guarantees, this development would not have taken place.

There is another factor of great importance. A resource that will be developed some years hence is much less valuable than one that is going ahead today. If we sat on our nickel, base metals, oil and gas, etc., they would yield us nothing. In terms of economic growth — population, income, secondary industries and taxes— the loss to Canada would be staggering. In some cases, such as our woods industries, we are gathering a crop. Unless we harvest it, a part of it will deteriorate. Valuable resources will be wasted and lost forever.

It is falsely assumed that Canada has a corner on the supply of certain vital commodities. Without exception, there are

## Investment Growth

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alternative sources of supply. To be sure, our resources may be richer and costs lower, and up to now we have offered an assured source of supply in war and peace. There are, however, very large nickel deposits in Cuba and elsewhere. These are being developed and could sustain far more expansion if need be. Africa has cheap labor and rich occurrences of copper. They are a continuing competitive threat to the Canadian copper industry. Other base metals are almost a drug on the market. Their prices are maintained by American defence purchases.

In the case of aluminum, the shoe is on the other foot; here we are actually processing raw material imported from abroad.

Our newsprint industry lives under a continuing threat. U.S. technology and ingenuity may develop an alternative economic source from waste products of the sugar industry or from southern pine. We cannot afford to be complacent about our markets.

Some say we should process our raw materials more fully before exporting them. This would provide additional work for Canadians. When it is economic, it should be done. Artificial restraints, such as foreign tariffs, which discourage domestic processing are, of course, a drag on the natural development of Canada. On the other hand, export restraint to compel fabrication not economically justified is at least as vicious a practice. It is a good deal more dangerous, since it may lead to higher costs and loss of markets to foreign competition.

Some Canadians are clamoring for a chance to share in the ownership of branch companies — subsidiaries that are wholly owned abroad. It is difficult to distinguish any real difference between companies that are wholly owned by American or by Canadian interests. In both cases the people who took the original risk prefer to retain their investment.

**In our capitalist system,** it is the vested right of the owner of capital to do with it what he wills, within the law. To require him to sell a part of his enterprise would be an unwarranted interference with the rights of private property. For a reason not far to seek, it is only prosperous foreign branches that seem to arouse much concern in this connection. Canadians show little interest in sharing in the foreign concerns that haven't panned out.

Another criticism of American capital is that it tends directly or indirectly to favor non-Canadian management. There aren't many companies in Canada staffed by foreigners at the highest level. A few may be directed from the parent company abroad. Since competition is the mainspring of private enterprise, there is a continuing pressure on the owners of capital to procure the best possible management, regardless of nationality. Where executive ability or technical background is equal, common sense would give the job to the man on the spot. The number of Canadians in executive posts in the United States is evidence that this works both ways.

Foreign control of Canada is alleged to be a threat posed by the inflow of American capital. Exactly how this would be accomplished is never explained. Experience proves these fears to be groundless. Parliament makes the laws under which foreign capital operates in this country — and therefore we have the final word in every case. In addition, many of the companies involved are in direct competition with each other, both in Canada and elsewhere.

In practice, foreign controlled Canadian companies seem to lean over backwards to favor the national interest. They have a big investment in public relations in the market where they do business.

**Capital by its nature** is international. It tends to flow fairly freely from one country to another. Most international concerns, of which there are many, are primarily interested in putting their funds to work where they will earn the most. This is as true of British and European capital as it is of American. It is also true of Canadian capital. Hence we have, as a nation, invested very large sums abroad. If it is evil to invest abroad, then Canadians too are guilty.

The great decisions that made Canada — the act of Confederation and the national policies of the late nineteenth century — were intended to offset the natural tugs of geography which would have drawn us into the American union. We decided to be Canadian even at a cost — and that decision has been reaffirmed many times since. There appears to be little doubt that our people are ready to absorb any additional costs of nationhood. However, should we decide that foreign capital is a threat, and then take steps to discourage it, we might create the situation we sought to prevent. Without more capital than our country can itself generate today, Canada would fall further behind the United States in development and in standards of living. We would have a less stable country, both economically and politically.

In spite of the large inflow of foreign capital in the postwar years, Canadians own a larger share of Canada today than ever before. Sometimes we overlook the fact that the vigorous development associated with new capital, from whatever source, is increasing the productivity, the income, and the population of our country. It is stimulating the growth of the domestic market. Moreover, it is creating an expanding supply of Canadian capital. As a consequence, we will be increasingly able to finance our own growth in the future.

*Michael Langham, who is directing both 'Henry V' and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', consults during rehearsal with Joanna Gibson, who is stage director.*

*Tom Patterson, Festival founder, chats in the tent with Gratien Gelinas, French-Canadian actor-director, who has a role in both plays, Dr. Caius and Charles VI.*

# Behind the Scenes at Stratford

ABOVE: *Tanya Moiseiwitsch, Festival designer, and Christopher Plummer discuss costuming.*

TOP CENTRE: *Martha Jamieson, of Kingston, assistant designer, works on the "masque" scene.*

ABOVE: *Ginette Letondal is fitted by Ray Diffen, head of wardrobe and Annette Geber, his assistant.*

LEFT: *Seamstresses rush the work along. Racks of finished costumes line the walls of the sewing-room.*

LEFT: *Norm Symonds rehearses his Octet. Jazz concerts and Four Exhibitions are special features.*

RIGHT: *Herman Geiger-Torel (left), Lou Applebaum, Tom Brown discuss the music Festival.*

**Cultural enterprises cannot be expected to be self-supporting, but is providing them with funds the best method of helping them? Should a promising writer be given a grant? Who should pay these subsidies?**

*Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow: state-controlled opera.*

# What to Do About the Arts

*by J. B. Priestley*

WHILE IN CANADA I read and heard a lot about what ought to be done — and perhaps what could be done — for culture and the arts. My own thoughts on the subject might be of interest and not without value.

*Why should the arts be subsidized?*

Don't be intimidated by this question. The idea of subsidizing the arts is not something new and fancy, dreamt up by groups of starry-eyed youths and soulful girls. Just as the arts themselves are among man's most ancient activities, doing much to develop and strengthen his consciousness, so too in all civilized societies the arts have always been subsidized in some way or other.

It is the idea of *not* subsidizing them, of allowing them to fend for themselves, that is new and strange, and is merely part of a comparatively recent puritanical commercial type of society. The puritan is against the arts because he does not want people to enjoy anything close to the life of the senses. The more thick-headed commercial man is against them because he is against everything he has never taken the trouble to understand.

*But a lot of people don't enjoy the arts and probably never will.*

True, but what of it? Every day, money of mine, money that is taken away from me, is spent, whether I like it or not, on activities and amenities I don't want and have never asked for myself. I never make use of bowling greens, lakes for boating, courses in Commercial Spanish or cabinet-making, but I have been cheerfully helping to pay for them for the last forty years. And the arts are a great deal more important than those things. If people cannot realize this, if they are cut off from so much rich and memorable experience, they should keep quiet and not try to dictate to the rest of us how we should live. We are in the grand tradition of humanity and they are not.

Moreover, a great many people don't enjoy the arts because they have never had the proper opportunity to become acquainted with them. They have never given the aesthetic side of their nature a chance.

*Why shouldn't these things pay for themselves?*

In my opinion it is much better if some of them do in the end pay their own way. But some cultural enterprises cannot be expected to be self-supporting: they never have been, probably never will be. Of these the most obvious examples are opera and symphonic music. Even in countries where orchestral players, chorus singers, stage hands, are badly paid, opera has always been heavily subsidized. The quarter-of-a-million pounds given annually to Covent Garden by the British Government is almost a trifling grant when compared with the annual subsidies for opera and ballet in France, Italy, Central Europe.

*The Davis family runs the Crest in Toronto: an independent venture.*

A large orchestra of the highest class, whether it is playing symphonies up on the platform or opera down in the band pit, is now tremendously expensive. Once such an orchestra is involved, there can be no question of music paying for itself, unless the prices of admission were raised to so high a level that most of the community could never listen to music. But then nobody suggests that museums, picture galleries, libraries and public parks should pay for themselves.

*What about theatres?*

Many national or municipal theatres receive annual grants either from governments or local authorities. I am not in favor of national or municipal theatres. They have serious weaknesses. Too often they are not free from political patronage, and frequently they exist in a stuffy, official atmosphere, in which bold and vital art cannot flourish.

Moreover, large grants, arriving regularly year after year, can encourage a non-creative and tedious waste of money—too many actors (often bad and probably somebody's cousin) under contract, too many elaborate sets, too many revivals of classical plays that have begun to bore everybody. The finest theatres, I have discovered, are those that are self-supporting but not commercial. They pay for themselves and so are independent, but on the other hand they do not exist simply as a financial investment.

Contrary to general belief, theatres like the Moscow Art Theatre and the Kamerny (both of them pre-dating the Revolution) support themselves, in spite of their lavish expenditure, and are not state-aided. (But I seem to remember that the Moscow Art Theatre receives an enormous state grant for its drama school, which carefully selects students from all over the Soviet Union and then gives them four years free tuition. This might be called education.) The secret of their financial independence is that they play to packed houses at all times, the demand for seats being always far greater than the supply. This means that they can safely budget in advance, unlike the commercial managers in London and New York, who never know whether their productions will succeed or not, being at the mercy not only of "flops" but also of blizzards, fogs and heat waves.

*Don't you believe, then, in theatre subsidies?*

Most decidedly I do. They are urgently necessary, especially in comparatively new communities. Their function is not to guarantee the theatre against loss forever, but to give it a chance to succeed during the early and more difficult years. Until the local public is really theatre-conscious, subsidies are essential. If they are not forthcoming, then managements that began with high ideals, wanting to offer their public good productions of the best possible plays, sooner or later are compelled either to close down or to pay their way by producing the worst nonsense of Broadway, Shaftesbury Avenue, and the boulevards.

A serious theatre will probably have to educate its public, and education needs grants. Such a theatre, too, must make experiments, and these are not likely at first to be commercial successes. But if the right kind of people are in charge — men and women who have knowledge, experience, courage, and a burning enthusiasm — it ought to be possible after a few years to have theatres that support themselves, are free from any control by official bodies, and yet are not just profit-making enterprises. There should then be more health and vitality in them than you will find in most national or municipal theatres.

*What is the best way to help theatres?*

My own belief is that it is better for the state or the town to offer a theatre company a building than it is to provide it with money. Let the local people guarantee the theatre company an adequate playhouse, seating at least five hundred (several hundred more, if possible), with a properly equipped stage and lighting, scene docks, workshops, etc., and preferably a fair-sized room that can be used for rehearsals, lectures and recitals, and a playgoers' club. For a theatre should be a centre of artistic activity.

It is also better for the actors and more economical in the end if a theatre of this kind works with the true repertory system — that is, if it puts on several productions in fairly quick succession and then rings the changes on them for a season, giving more performances of those productions that are most successful. It is sometimes said that playgoers are bewildered by this system, but in my opinion this is nonsense, for opera and ballet have always been presented in this manner.

*What should be done for the individual artist?*

So far we have dealt with the communal arts. Now we come to the individual artist — painter, poet, novelist, sculptor. And here many mistakes have been made. The proper way to help young artists is not to provide them with

*T. S. Eliot: banker to poet.*

money but to make sure that their work reaches the public, to give them an opportunity of earning money for themselves.

Let us take an example. A young bank clerk is thought to show great promise as a poet. So he must be helped. He is given a scholarship, fellowship, grant — call it what you like — that will keep him for a couple of years. He leaves the bank and goes abroad or settles in some favorite corner of his own province, and very soon, if he is a conscientious fellow, he has an unhappy time. He feels he ought to be writing, for he has been given a grant so that he can write, and it is ten to one that for some time he cannot produce anything worth reading. He has in fact been turned into a professional too soon. But worse is to follow.

At the end of the two years, when he has at last put together enough verses to make the familiar "slender volume", he may discover that he cannot find a publisher to bring it out. One publisher after another tells him that much as he admires this work, he simply cannot afford to publish any more volumes of verse. Our poet is now miserably situated. He feels he cannot return to the bank, even if it would have him back. No other job is in sight. And, worst of all, he has spent two years — and a little packet of public money — writing poems that nobody wants to publish. He feels a failure, almost a fraud, and probably tries to console himself with a bottle.

The well-intentioned grant, which he saw once as a wonderful stroke of luck, has actually done him far more harm than good.

*What is the right method?*

Let the poet stay in his bank (after all, T. S. Eliot worked in a bank once); and spend your money making certain that his next volume of poems is handsomely printed and bound and offered to the widest possible public. This may mean subsidizing its publication in the ordinary way, or it may mean the creation of a special publishing house that brings out new work of exceptional literary merit.

If your artist is a painter, spend the money exhibiting his work and if necessary establishing a few galleries where that work, along with that of other good painters, can be shown and sold without high charges by way of commission. Painters who are helped in this fashion keep their self-respect; they are earning, or beginning to earn, their own living; they are not made to feel they are being kept by the community.

This is the way to subsidize young artists of every description. The only people who should be given what are virtually pensions are the elderly artists, who have already proved their worth, and who because of failing health or changes in artistic fashion begin to find it hard to provide for themselves.

*Where are the new patrons?*

High taxation in most countries makes the old lavish private patronage of previous ages almost impossible now. There should be some exemption of tax for money spent on various forms of culture, a device that would immediately enlarge and strengthen our cultural life. But where private patronage is difficult, then other forms of patronage should be tried.

The state itself should turn patron. Cities and towns should offer more and more patronage. And, finally, big industrial enterprises, which in these days are almost as wealthy and powerful as empires, should become patrons of the arts. The men who run such enterprises are forever telling us what a large contribution they make to our civilization. The arts are an essential part of any civilization worthy of the name.

# *Murder of the 22nd Parliament*

by John A. Stevenson

AMONG them, Prime Minister St. Laurent, the Hon. C. D. Howe and Mr. Speaker Beaudoin have committed the murder of Canada's 22nd Federal Parliament.

When the reputation of a House of Commons has been irretrievably sullied by unseemly brawls and its standards of decent behavior thrown to the winds; when its Speaker, the key figure in its structure, and its chairman of Committees have clearly forfeited the confidence of many of its members; when such ferocity of partisan bitterness has been generated that the restoration of the normal relations between parties, needed for the smooth disposal of parliamentary business, cannot be expected for many a long day—at such a time the national interest demands an early end to the life of a discredited Parliament.

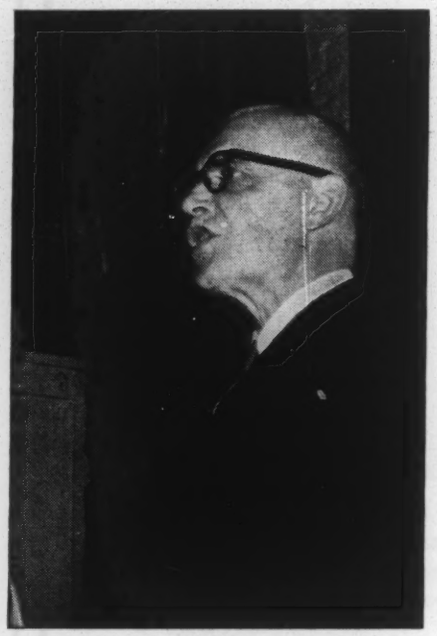
The Hon. Walter Harris might have saved for cooling his porridge the breath he expended in trying to blame the Opposition for the riotous disorders that have impaired the prestige of Parliament. Only hardboiled Liberal partisans will accept his thesis. It has been rejected by such influential organs of Liberalism as the *Winnipeg Free Press*, the *Toronto Star* and the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

The primary responsibility lies with Prime Minister St. Laurent. In the early stages of his public career he promised to refute the theory that great lawyers, who enter politics late in life, do not repeat the success they achieved at the Bar. But his record during the past year seems to confirm it. Throughout most of the stormy debate he appeared to be a futile old man.

He failed to restrain Mr. Howe from his indefensible misuse of the weapon of closure. He did not stir a finger to suppress the raucous vulgarity of the baser element among his supporters, when they disgraced Parliament by bellowing songs, sacred and profane, to drown out the voices of the Opposition. He lent his high authority to the suppression of the proper privileges of the Opposition in debate. Here is the picture which he presented to an eminent Liberal journalist, Grant Dexter, associate editor of the *Winnipeg Free Press* and its Ottawa correspondent:

"Through all this hubbub the most arresting figure on the Government side was Prime Minister St. Laurent. He sat impassive, expressionless, chin in hand, an open book on his desk, silent. His aloofness is unbelievable. Especially in a time of high controversy, Prime Ministers, regardless of who the leader of the House may be, always dominate proceedings and lead their party. Mr. St. Laurent does neither."

His condoning of Mr. Howe's strangulation of debate was all the more extraordinary, because he is the leader at Ottawa of a racial minority. In 1917, when the Borden Government after an exhaustive discussion of every clause of the conscription bill in committee, applied closure, the late Ernest Lapointe, who was more firmly anchored in Liberal prin-



*St. Laurent: His responsibility.*

ciples than Mr. St. Laurent will ever be, denounced their action as "tyrannical". But the Prime Minister and his followers from Quebec apparently welcomed Mr. Howe's performance as a clever move in the party game. They were strangely blind to the danger of this precedent.

There might come a day when a majority of the Canadian Parliament might decide to curtail some of the cherished special privileges of the French-Canadians; their representatives at Ottawa might find their attempts to block this legislation foiled by the drastic application of Mr. Howe's brand of closure. When they objected to such a gag, they could be told that it had the high authority of a French-Canadian Prime Minister and all his supporters from Quebec. The spokesmen of a racial minority, which sets immense store by its special rights, were blind to its own interests, when they sanctioned the sort of parliamentary weapon forged by Mr. Howe.

It is a strange trick of fate that has made Mr. Howe, born in the United States, the real master of a Canadian Cabinet.

Mr. Howe is personally a likable man, who has rendered invaluable services to his country during both peace and war. But somehow, despite his long residence in Canada he has never been able to shed the American concept of the relations of a cabinet and legislature. He has shown a habitual disposition to regard the careful processes of British parliamentary procedure as wasteful interferences with his administrative tasks.

When he saw a prospect that the operation of these processes would frustrate his plan for getting the pipeline legislation passed through Parliament by June 7, he decided to smash his way through them. He treated with contempt the principle that an Opposition should have reasonably free scope for criticizing every detail of every bill submitted to Parliament. So it was no wonder that such an arrogant suppression of their traditional privileges infuriated the two parties that suffered from it, and made them redouble their energies to block the progress of the bill by every device at their command.

As for Mr. Speaker Beaudoin, his position can best be described as pathetic. In the earlier stages of his career as Speaker, he earned quite justifiably the commendation of all parties and the public for his quick mastery of the rules of Parliament, for his judiciously fair application of them and for the mellow urbanity with which he enforced his discipline upon the House of Commons. But even before the pipeline crisis arose, evidence was accumulating that an overdose of eulogies of his conduct had inflated his ego; he was irritating members of all parties by his incessant lectures to them about their errors and frailties and in the eyes of the staff of the House he had become an unpopular martinet.

Yet he still commanded a large measure of respect in all quarters until, during the controversy about the pipeline, he abandoned his traditional role as the vigilant guardian of the rights of all members and emerged as the docile catspaw of the Government.

Mr. Beaudoin thus found himself in the humiliating position of being the only Speaker of a British Parliament in modern times whose conduct has been the subject of a vote of censure. A holder of his high office, who has lost the confidence of about a third of the membership of the Commons, has obviously outlived his usefulness in it.

# *Christopher the First*

**He has been compared to a young Olivier and Barrymore. Some say it's "power", others "magnetism", and some call it just plain "sex-appeal". A born star, Stratford this year depends on him.**

IT IS SELDOM that an actor gets to play himself on stage. As written by William Shakespeare, the character's name is Henry the Fifth, King of England; in real life, he is Christopher Plummer, current crown prince of Canadian players.

The likeness between the two characters is more than a flickering fancy. Shakespeare's royal Harry is a youth who has outgrown his wild years of irresponsible frolicking with such dubious characters as Falstaff to find the responsibility of the future of his country resting on his handsome shoulders. The Stratford Festival's star, Chris, still only 26, just a few years ago was considered to have too great a lust for life to appear in even a supporting role; now, in many ways, the future of Canada's boldest theatrical venture rests on his shoulders (and performance), in this, the Festival's first year without an imported star to draw crowds and critical acclaim.

Certain differences in character may exist between Henry and Plummer, but other facts are unmistakably alike. Henry, of course, was born to be king, despite his adolescent wanderings through two lengthy parts of Henry the Fourth. Plummer, too, was certainly born to be a star. Crowds, companions and even critics seem to be undivided in their feelings on that matter. Gratien Gelinas, the brilliant French-Canadian satirical actor with the tortured eyebrows, says simply, "He has the mark of greatness on him. It is there. It was born in him." Michael Langham, the gentle but forceful artistic director of the Stratford Adventure, adds, "He is an intensely exciting actor, with a naturally powerful personality." And Ginette Letondal, the vivacious woman who plays Katharine, princess of France, sums it all up with, "He has it".

To define exactly what "it" is, is not simple. It seems to be the quality that has marked the greats of the past and the present of the theatre, the Barrymores and the Oliviers. Such terms as "power", "magnetism" and just plain "sex-appeal" are frequently applied. When actors with "it" walk on the stage, all action automatically revolves about them.

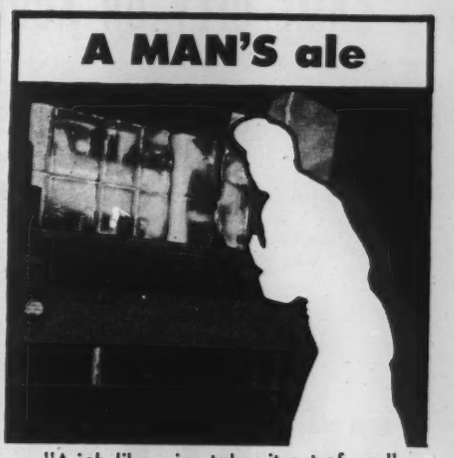
Indeed, Herbert Whittaker, the *Toronto Globe and Mail's* drama critic, can recall Plummer's very first stage appearance. Plummer, a teen-ager then, arrived unheralded on a Montreal high school stage as the dashing Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice*, but, says Whittaker, "He walked with as much technical facility as if he had been on the stage for years. I knew then that this was something special."

*Helen Burns, Christopher Plummer.*

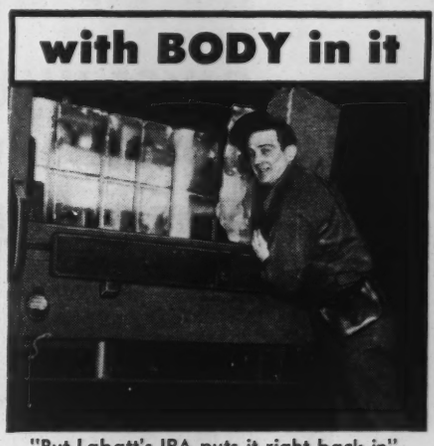
Nothing special had happened to Plummer till the lights went on at that stage appearance. Born, in his words, "of a Montreal family in Toronto", he was not a spectacular student. He was brought up by his mother who took him to concerts, art exhibitions and plays, even before he could understand what they were about. The concert hall was his cathedral, and music and art were his religion.

Doreen Lewis of the Montreal Repertory Theatre and Rosanna Seaborn Todd of the Open Air Theatre Company both took an interest in him and helped coach him along. Even in those early days he had the mark of the true stage personage, the actor who can get away with most anything. Once, while appearing at the Brae Manor Playhouse at Knowlton, Que., in *The Rivals*, he forgot a line and didn't get a prompt. With no embarrassment, he paced over to the prompter's box and said quite confidently and audibly, "What's that line, dear?", then went on with the performance as if nothing had happened.

But during those years, like Henry when he was still a prince, he developed a reputation of being "a party boy" and "fond of living it up". When he appeared in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not For Burning* at Toronto's Museum Theatre, and Dr. Tyrone Guthrie selected five of


"A job like mine takes it out of you"

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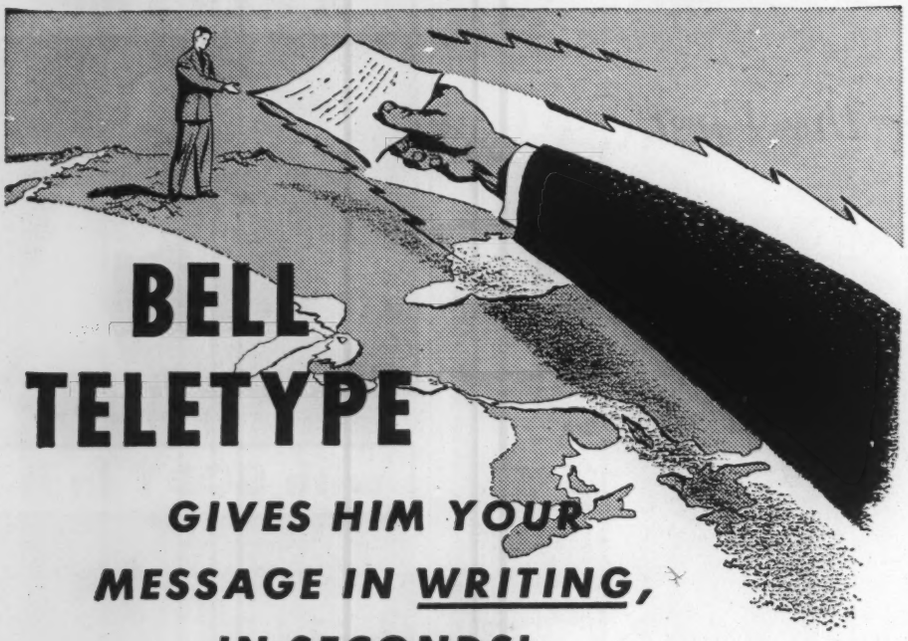

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the company's players for Stratford's first year, Plummer's name was not among them. Nothing official was ever said. Plummer was good and everyone knew it. But it was just assumed that Plummer's fun-loving had ruled him out.

It was probably the best thing that ever happened to Plummer. But it didn't seem that way then. New York became his headquarters, and although he says "I was never broke", he spent a hungry few months looking for work. His first Broadway role was in *The Starcross Story,* which lasted one lone night. The critics were too busy devouring the play to take notice of Plummer. But it also gave him a sense of humility. He says, "It really took the wind out of my sails. I knew then you can't take New York by storm. I learned also not to be afraid of failure, and it seemed to pay off."

It took a full eight months to happen. A lucky break, the role of swaggering Manchester Monaghan in *Home Is the Hero* was just what he needed to bring him to the attention of the critics. *The Dark Is Light Enough, Medea, Julius Caesar, The Tempest* and *The Lark* were all excellent plays that gave the Plummer talent an opportunity to grow and shine.

**There is no doubt, of course,** that his New York success helped sell Plummer. And there was the extra fact that Stratford had a new director. A Guthrie production is apt to leave both playwright and players overshadowed by spectacular staging. Michael Langham works with the individual. His stage pictures are painted, not with Guthrie's bold and often brilliant strokes, but with a subtle touch. His strength is in the individuals and the way they emerge.

Plummer feels a great responsibility, as does the king he plays. Henry the Fifth cries out, "Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins lay on the king;—we must bear all." And Chris Plummer echoes, "I have a feeling of responsibility. Henry is hardly ever off the stage. I feel both excited and humble—particularly when I am surrounded by my own countrymen."

And Plummer's countrymen pay him a silent tribute. Because he is a Canadian there is an extra joy in the company. No high-priced film star has come to steal the laurels in Canada.

Plummer is leading a quieter life than he has in the past. But he says, "I haven't lost any of my zest for living. My way of relaxing is to have a ball."

In Stratford he has set up residence along tree-lined Ontario Street. In his bachelor apartment he reads a good deal, rehearses much, drinks on occasion, and listens to music frequently. He is careful that his five-foot-eleven frame doesn't carry more weight than its usual 170

pounds. His immense physical attraction is reserved for stage appearances.

Plummer burns a lot of energy off stage. He has a restless manner about him. His only ambition, he says, "is to be a fine actor". There is a thick layer of confidence that surrounds him like a stage cloak. His walk is more of swagger, his requests more of a demand, and his gestures, on and off stage, have a definite stamp of authority about them.

Many times Plummer has been compared with the prince of players, John Barrymore. His profile bears a close resemblance—suitable for a postage stamp print as well as the stage. Plummer, like Barrymore, has a way with women. Inevitably a young woman's comment on seeing Plummer on the stage is, "My, he's handsome. I wonder what he's really like?"

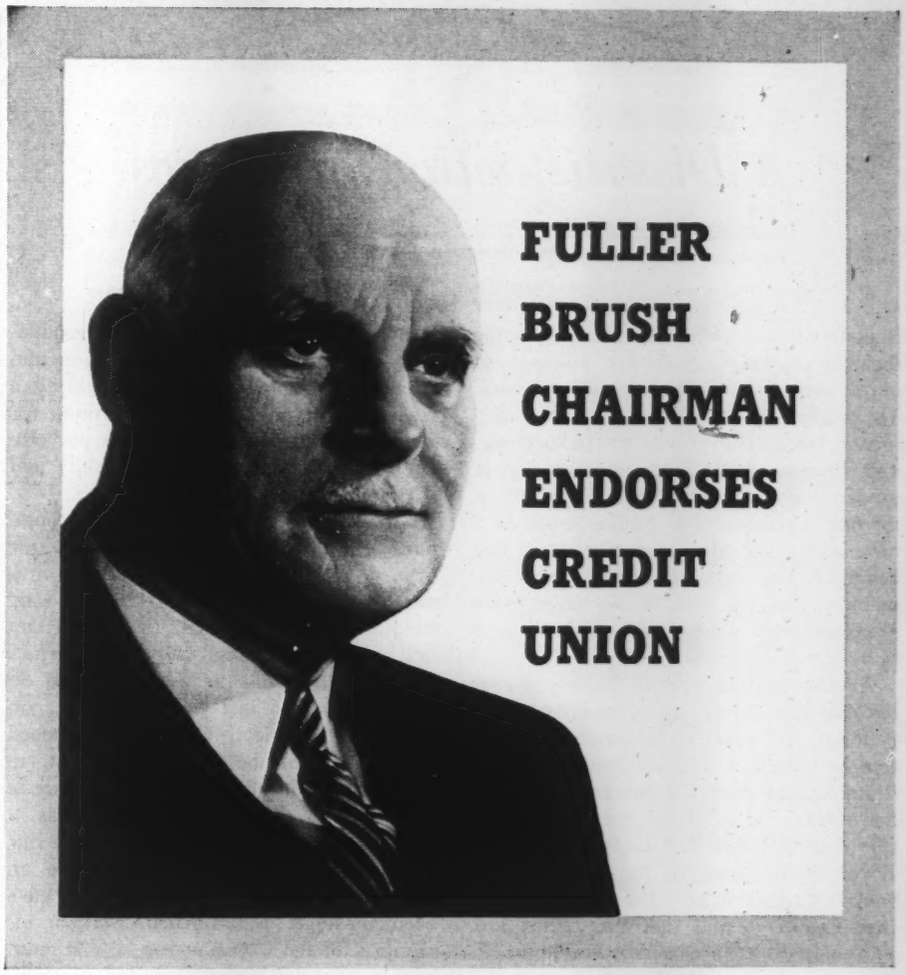
It is, of course, difficult to know what any man of 26 is "really like". Plummer hovers between conceit and modesty. His language like his personality emphasizes the unexpected. He carries the unmistakable mark of breeding, but frequently he will salt his remarks with popular four-letter words. He is ambitious, but not recklessly so. He knows where he is going, or at least where he wants to go.

Hollywood has winked its flirtatious technicolor eyelashes at him more than once. But he wants "to name my own terms". Broadway has sent its regards in the form of two starring bids, one a drama, one a musical. But when Plummer returns to Broadway this time he wants, like Henry, to "be like a king, and show my sail of greatness".

Not too long ago, Tom Patterson, the elfin, owlish-faced founder of Stratford, spoke bold words for a young enterprise, "We no longer depend on stars. We can now create them." Some of the Stratford alumni already have found their way to Broadway. With them they have brought the best of all possible acting worlds—the naturalness of the American school, and the inspiration of the classic approach. And in no Canadian actor is the Brando and Olivier more nicely proportioned than in Chris Plummer.

**Stratford, Ontario** has already emerged as the country's chief showcase for our dramatic talent. This year an extra dimension has been added with many fine actors from French Canada. There is, too, an impressive and ambitious secondary operation of music, opera, and French drama.

When the Chorus utters the first words on stage, "Oh! for a muse of fire that would ascend the brightest heaven of invention, a kingdom for a stage, princes to act, and monarchs to behold the swelling scene!", one man will make a great deal of difference as to whether Stratford is a success. Shakespeare called him Henry the Fifth. Someone dubbed him recently "Christopher the First".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# *A Dissatisfaction of Critics*

by Robertson Davies

BEFORE ME LIE six books relating to the theatre, of which three are volumes of plays and three are books of criticism. The biggest book is *The Oxford Shakespeare,* beautifully printed on India paper, and illustrated with 32 photographs of modern productions of the plays. It is as fine a one-volume Shakespeare as I have seen, and to me the pictures are beautiful and exciting; they support my opinion that we live in an age when Shakespearean acting and production is at a very high level.

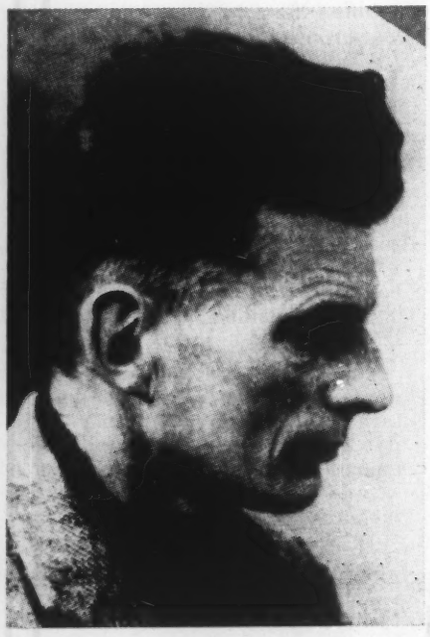
Another of the books, *Shakespeare at the Old Vic* 1954-55, is a record, chiefly pictorial, of seven productions at that famous theatre; the accompanying text is frank, and gives the consensus of London critics as well as the praise and blame of the compilers of the book.

Yet when I turn to the two principal books of criticism, by Alfred Harbage and Ivor Brown, I find that the critics are, as usual, dissatisfied and sour. There is, it appears, too much Shakespeare on the stage; modern writers are being crowded off it, and stars would rather appear in a Shakespearean revival which will run for a few weeks at the worst, rather than risk their reputations and the manager's money in a modern play which may have to be withdrawn after two or three performances. Further, the presentation of Shakespeare has fallen too much into the hands of directors who are anxious to display their ingenuity, rather than to bring out the greatness of the poetry; and the plays are mauled by designers who seek novelty before suitability.

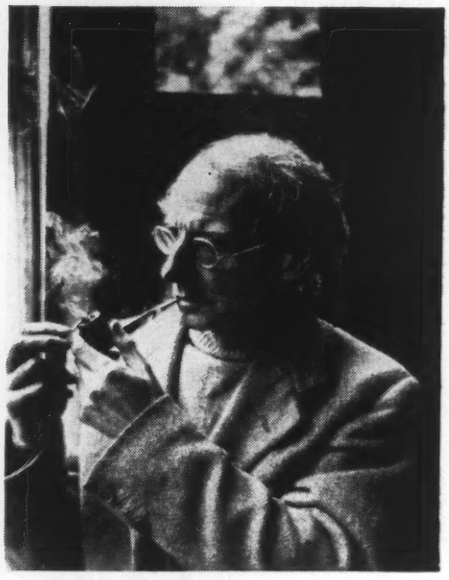
There is a great deal of truth in this, but I refuse to believe that matters are so bad as they are painted by Mr. Harbage in his wayward but valuable and interesting book, *Theatre for Shakespeare.* It is a reprint of the Alexander Lectures which he delivered at Toronto University in the 1954-55 season. What Mr. Harbage desires—a theatre in which Shakespeare can be presented by first-rate actors in productions which respect the poetry and the poet's meaning—is what we all desire. But his feeling that no move is being made in this direction is one which I do not share. When he says, "Incredible as it seems, there is nowhere in the English-speaking world a single company or producing agency with sufficient stability, sense of direction, and inflexibility of standards to offer performances of a reliable kind and quality — pilot productions that might serve as inspiration and example", I think that he is slighting a great deal of good work, and asking for conditions which can never exist perpetually among actors, in whom stability and inflexibility are not primary virtues.

Mr. Harbage thinks that such conditions exist, for French classics, at the *Comédie Francaise;* he says that our attitude toward Shakespeare is "jaunty and frivolous" in comparison. Frankly, I am sick of hearing English-speaking critics crack up the *Comédie* as if it could do no wrong. The last time I saw it, on its North American visit, it was indeed admirable. But the time before that, in 1954, I saw it offer a Paris audience a performance of *Tartuffe* which was a dull muddle, so ill-managed that at one point there was a stage wait while an all-important property, which should have been on-stage, was fetched. Slavish admiration of the *Comédie* has been a mannerism of English criticism for nearly a century, and it is time the critics found a new stick with which to beat what they dislike.

Mr. Harbage's case would be stronger if he had presented us with one or two examples of modern Shakespearean productions in which he found merit. But nothing pleases him. The Old Vic is a



*Beckett: 'Waiting for Godot'.*



*O'Casey: 'The Bishop's Bonfire'.*

waning light. Stratford-on-Avon is in sore decline; he lumps Stratford, Conn. and Stratford, Ont., as good places to go on a motor trip, without regard for the fact that the former was a ghastly flop where critics were begged by the management to stay away, and the latter was greeted with critical admiration even in England, which notoriously grudges praise to the artistic achievements of the Commonwealth. Mr. Harbage seems, like so many critics, to be a man incapable of taking pleasure in the theatre, and this sharply reduces the value of his strictures.

The great and useful criticism of the past, he points out, has all been criticism of protest. This is a dangerous half-truth. Is it not time that critics everywhere took a long and thoughtful look at themselves? In Shakespeare's day there were no critics, and nobody missed them; yet the drama flourished. As the craft of criticism arose, it took two main lines —the celebratory line, in which men who delighted in the theatre wrote about what pleased them, and the judicial line. The latter has now almost swamped the former; to be pleased is thought to be uncritical. And what was formerly judicial has become carping and denunciatory, until now the critic is looked upon, by a great part of the public, as an amusing common scold. Too often he brings to the theatre Shaw's scorn without Shaw's moral indignation, and Beerbohm's ennui without Beerbohm's delicacy of perception. At his basest he is a mischievous parasite on the theatre; at his best he comes under the censure of Peter Ustinov, who says: "All arts are inhibited in our day by those who know too much and feel too little; it is inhuman to judge everything alongside perfection."

Much of what is said about critics above is in accord with the opinion of one of the best critics of our day, Ivor

Brown. In his consideration of the 1954-5 season in *Theatre* he has some sharp rebukes for wilful critics who decried work which they had not troubled to understand. This valuable yearbook is, I think, far better than the *Theatre Book of the Year* which George Jean Nathan brought out in New York for ten successive years. Brown is a better writer, and better-bred in his critical manners, than Nathan, whose occasional brilliant dissections of pretentious plays were offset by too much jeering and nose-thumbing at things which he simply happened to dislike. Further, Mr. Brown includes essays by J. B. Priestley (who says that Shakespeare is the greatest enemy of the modern serious playwright), Sir Bronson Albery (who shows how financially risky management is), and Peter Ustinov (who makes it plain that the playwright, as an artist, has other aims than pleasing the critics, and does not write badly or clumsily because he needs teaching by these uncreative persons). He also includes an admirable conspectus of the New York season by Louis Kronenberger, who is a true critic, though a little given to pigeon-holing.

Within Mr. Brown's excellent book is a notice of *The Bishop's Bonfire,* Sean O'Casey's last play, which is now available in book form for those who can never get enough of him. Nothing is said about that sensation of the recent season in New York and London, *Waiting for Godot,* by Samuel Beckett; it did not come within their scope. But this play, too, may be had for reading. I have puzzled over it, and though it is clear that it makes an evening in the theatre, I find it too heavily loaded with despair for my personal taste. When people are utterly in the dumps, and can give no reason for it, I most heartily wish them in psychiatric clinic; I feel no impulsion to get down into the pit with them; and accept their mumblings as revelations. I do not agree with those who say *Godot* is an imposture on the public; it has every mark of sincerity, and it is unquestionably a work of art, though of a minor and eccentric kind.

---

**Theatre For Shakespeare,** by Alfred Harbage—pp. 118—*University of Toronto Press*—$3.50.

**Theatre 1954-5,** by Ivor Brown and others —pp. 196 and photographs — *British Books* $3.75.

**Shakespeare at the Old Vic 1954-5,** by Roger Wood and Mary Clarke—pp. 166 and many photographs — *Macmillan* — $4.00.

**The Oxford Shakespeare,**—pp. 1166 (India) and 32 photographs—*Oxford*—$6.00.

**The Bishop's Bonfire,** by Sean O'Casey—pp. 124—*Macmillan*—$1.75.

**Waiting For Godot,** by Samuel Beckett—pp. 61—*Grove Press*—$1.25.

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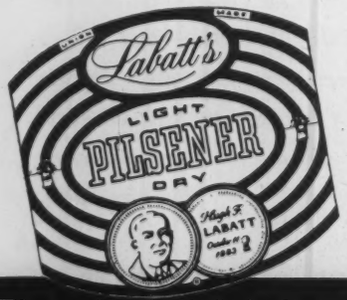



*The swing is definitely to*
**LABATT'S**

*Humphrey Bogart and Mike Lane: Fighters are pay dirt.*

**FILMS**

# *Some Very Rough Stuff*

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE SCREEN is usually at its liveliest and most authentic when it is exposing large scale misdemeanor in the U.S.A. The gangster films, the racial pictures, the racket exposés, are invariably presented as crusades, but this doesn't involve any sacrifice in realism, since the underlying evangelism is just as native to the American temperament as the violence it opposes. The greedy, the brutal and the bigoted can be revealed in all their infamy, so long as there are public-spirited citizens to battle and finally rout them. It's a fixed fight, but it doesn't destroy illusion, since good and bad can be made equally persuasive.

They are a particularly bad lot in *The Harder They Fall,* screen version of the Budd Schulberg novel. The novel itself was based to a large extent on the Primo Carnera legend, and in the screen version Toro (Mike Lane) is a prodigy of size, muscle and innocence, with a punch that would scarcely get him through a newsboys' preliminary. "Fighters are dirt," a fight fixer points out. They are pay dirt, however, no matter how inept, and presently Toro is seized on by a greedy promoter (Rod Steiger) who, with the help of an unfrocked newspaper columnist (Humphrey Bogart), builds up the gigantic straw man till he is actually in line for the world's championship. Contenders have obligingly gone down like ninepins before the Wild Man of the Andes, the sporting world has been bullied and ballyhooed into believing in him, and Toro, whose wits are even slower than his fighting arm, has even come to believe in himself. But the champ (Max Baer) declines to go along with the racket, and when the time comes he cuts the unfortunate Toro to pieces, in a scene that is brutal enough to shock even campaign manager Bogart into a state of regeneracy.

The prize-ring racket is obviously not an enterprise to attract the fastidious moralist, and it seems highly probable that the events described here, or something very like them, actually did take place sometime in the history of the ring. In any case, the story is presented with an authority that gives it at least the illusion of complete authenticity.

**Leslie Caron's producers** can never make up their minds whether to cast her as a dancer, a gamin-type, a glamour type, or an emotional actress; and in her latest film, *Gaby,* they settle for all four. She is a French ballet dancer, living in London during World War II. She has been prettified, to the extent of having her face clean and her hair tidied up. She is madly in love with an American parachutist (John Kerr), but she sends him back to his lonely barracks on what should have been their wedding night. Next day he is off to battle and later he is reported missing. There is an unwritten rule, however, that the soldier who turns up missing always turns up, and sure enough the parachutist reappears. The girl, however, has yielded to other claims, and feels she is no longer worthy. Luckily a buzz bomb arrives, leaving her not only with her problem settled, but her hair mussed and her face smudged. Who says a film can't have everything?

# Puzzler

*By J. A. H. Hunter*

THIS was one of the times Bill finds it hard to keep his temper in face of his partner's peculiarities. But most of the money is Ben's, and things do seem to work out right in spite of everything.

"So you ordered a big stock of socks at 27c a pair," he commented drily, "maybe $500 worth, but you've no idea how much or how many."

Ben smiled lazily. "That's about it," he replied, "but I didn't spend quite that." He sprawled in his chair, quite at ease in this rather absurd situation. "You worry too much about details," he went on, "and there'll be an invoice or something in the mail, for sure. But I did notice when the fellow wrote it down that the number of dollars in the total was three more than the square of the number of cents."

"Trust Ben to notice that!" thought Bill, but he said nothing as he started scribbling on his scratch pad.

How many pairs of socks did Ben order? (25)

*Answer on Page 38.*

# Chess Problem

*by 'Centaur'*

AN IDEAL chess problem is one where key and play are so delicately balanced that composer and solver are equally interested in both. Such problems are attainable, but examples are rare. So wrote Alain White in 1920. A good example is the famous Fink-Ua Tane joint self-block maximum two-mover, our No. 29.

White said further that many composers of that time excelled in technical skill all but a few of the masters of 1900, and undoubtedly all those of 1880. But the development in merit of key has shown no such progress in general.

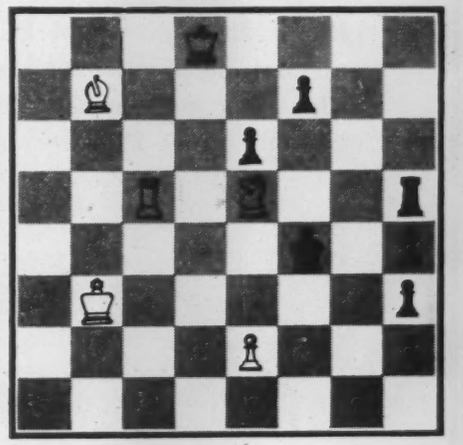
**Solution of Problem No. 142**

Key-move 1.B-B4, threatening 2.Kt-Kt3 mate. If KxB; 2.KtxR mate. If RxQ; 2.R-Q4 mate. If P-Kt6; 2.B-Kt5 mate. If Q-K4; 2.QxQ mate.

Here we have a first rate key, leading three elegant variations.

**Problem No. 143**, by F. Dedrle.

White mates in three.



# Now We Ask You

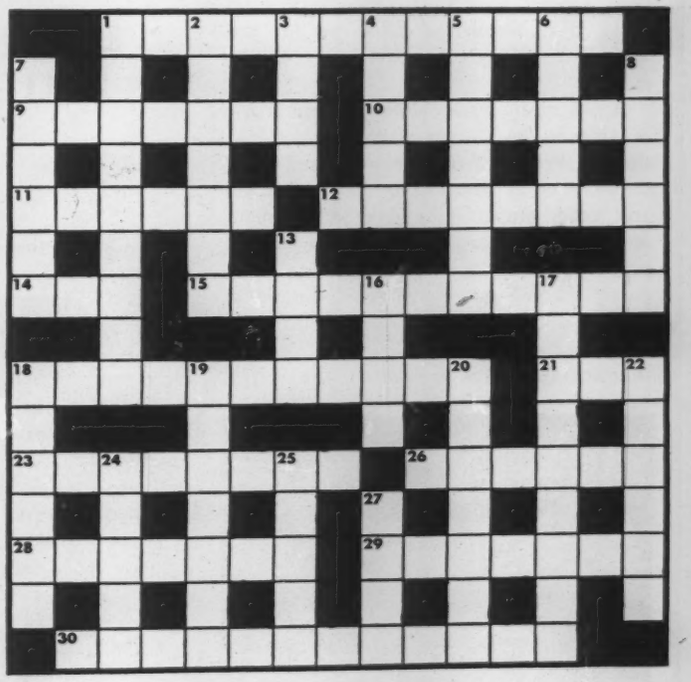
*by Louis and Dorothy Crerar*

ACROSS

1 But some British sovereigns of the past were not! (2, 4, 2, 4)
9 A Roman one takes some figuring out. (7)
10 It takes pull to get into this business. (7)
11 Marble walk. (6)
12 The phoenix did this to itself to propagate. (8)
14 You can back a 23 to come to the point. (3)
15 A pet cat died like this, perhaps. (11)
18 Evidently not her group of three that starts the theatricals. (11)
21 Here 1A has the last word. (3)
23 But does the sun never set on these people? (8)
26 The evasive speaker . . . . . and haw. (6)
28 Scottish group at a centre in Spain. (7)
29 It may seem, in entertaining, a distinguished person should hold the centre. (7)
30 It's not true that the present is bound up in it. (6, 2, 4)

DOWN

1 Mars meant business when making war. (9)
2 It seems Garbo lost nothing over having taken the lead. (7)
3 Capital product of Czechoslovakia. (4)
4 How I . . . . . A crashing bore! (5)
5 Such an eater may expect to get gout in the extremities. (7)
6 Stale, no less! (5)
7 Trepan changes its meaning. (6)
8 One who took an 11 did this his way. (6)
13 Heard again from Czechoslovakia? (4)
16 The blooming violist has lost his bloom. (4)
17 This person is probably just a gum chewer. (9)
18 Position of one on top of a beanstalk? (6)
19 It annoys and makes a film magnate almost sell up. (7)
20 I wish Al wouldn't use such language! (7)
22 Reduce in 19 without the French. (6)
24 Common to Adelina and Page - - - (5)
25 - - - both being a little more than this when the heat's on. (5)
27 Flesh of the grouse? (4)



**Solution to last puzzle**

ACROSS

1 See 10
6 Fish
10, 1 Thereby hangs a tale
11 Plummer
12 See 31
13 Run
14 See 31
15 Sagecock
17 Cassia
19 Résumé
21 See 15D
24 Thumb
25 Leo
26 Ictus
28 Outflow
29 Illicit
30 Deed
31, 14, 12 Greyhounds in the slips

DOWN

1 Hates
2 Needing
3 Seeds
4 Toy truck
5 Lupine
7 Inmates
8 Horse-tail
9 Ruminant
15, 21 Stratford Festival
16 Campbell
18 Velocity
20 Shuttle
22 Vatican
23 Flower
26 Igloo
27 Sites (392)

*Best pictorial shot in the show was taken by Rosemary Gilliat.*

**Do you know about: pictures from a plane? Humidity and film? Cameras and customs agents? Exposure hazards? (Illustrations from the ninth Commercial and Press Photographers' Show.)**

# The Camera on Vacation

*by Rex Frost, FPSA, ARPS*

WHEN YOU ARE sticky and dusty from summer travel, you can be sure that your camera and film are feeling the heat too. Heat, humidity and dust are age-old enemies to good photographs. More particularly they are the major despoilers of miniature 35 m.m. color transparencies.

Excessive heat and humidity, singly or in combination, deteriorate color values. Dust causes scratches, white spots and other film blemishes. Dust on a lens dulls and diffuses the sharpness of the picture.

A 35 m.m. color slide is comparable in size to the larger Canadian postage stamps. Projected on a screen from three to six feet in dimension, dust, scratches and other imperfections on a 35 m.m. or larger film are magnified in similar proportion to the picture. Color film, partly washed out by heat and humidity, becomes even more anaemic in color value under high wattage projector-lamp illumination. Black and white film suffers relatively on the enlarger easel. It pays to take care.

*John Sebert of Ken Bell Photography won the Best Illustration class.*

Dust is everywhere. It will penetrate any place where air circulates. Cellulose film, by its very character, gathers static electricity, which in turn attracts dust. A leather camera case is not in itself enough to provide ample protection against dust and dirt on breezy days outdoors, particularly on sandy beaches, or when motoring.

When travelling, be smart. Carry your camera in a fabric or plastic container with a string pull or zippered closure to exclude dust.

Every time the camera is opened to change fiim, make a habit of dusting out the interior. Clean behind the rollers, film guides and all other surfaces over which the film is transported. Wipe off the interior lens element with a soft tissue. With a bellows type camera, remove with a small, soft brush, any dust that has accumulated inside the folds.

In the case of a movie camera, be sure periodically to remove dust, and any accumulation of small particles of film emulsion from the gate of the shutter mechanism behind the lens.

During a motoring trip, never place your loaded still or movie camera in the closed dashboard compartment of your car, on the rear window ledge, or in the back trunk. These are hot spots which will deteriorate all film, especially color.

Combined motor heat and sun beating on the cowl often raise dashboard compartment temperatures to 125° F. The trunk space is equally hot, as a result of motor exhaust and sun heat. Summer sun, shining directly on a loaded camera through rear window glass will produce temperatures around 150° F. Such heat will seriously affect the dyes in a color film emulsion within a very few hours. Never leave a loaded camera in the sun.

Just as humans feel summer heat more when it is accompanied by high humidity, so does film. Humidity hastens the deterioration both of unexposed and exposed film. Travelling in hot, humid zones at home or abroad, buy movie film in the special tropical package. Roll or cut film supplies, if not obtainable in tropical pack, are best carried in a metal box, the lid of which has been sealed with a strip of adhesive tape to exclude air. This should be done before leaving

home for any humid country.

Film, under extended heat and humidity deteriorates more rapidly after exposure than before. In hot weather, film should be processed as soon as possible after exposure of the reel is completed. For the traveller in Canada, this poses no particular problems.

In Europe, the United States, Bermuda, Caribbean and overseas resorts, film mailed back to Canada for processing must clear through Canadian Customs. By the strict letter of the law, any Canadian product which has been exported has undergone some process increasing its value; hence on its return to this country it is liable to customs duty. Exposed film might be considered as enhanced in value.

However, Customs port officers are normally most understanding, and arrangements usually can be made through them before leaving whereby exposed films of Canadian origin, returned by mail to this country from abroad, will be admitted for processing without delay or payment of duty. This is helped by attaching to the film package a signed certificate stating that the film, purchased in Canada, is being returned for processing.

**Complications will occur,** however, when a Canadian purchases color film in the United States, or elsewhere abroad, and after exposing it, mails it back to a Canadian processor. Such film is subject to customs duty, and the package will be delayed in Customs unless cleared by an agent here, pending the return of its owner to this country.

Where weather and temperature in other countries are not such as to threaten the condition of the film, and its owner will not be out of the country for too long a time, he might better bring it back to Canada personally and include it as part of the import exemption allowable every four months to Canadians returning from abroad.

One important precaution is necessary for everyone taking a camera abroad. Before leaving this country with a foreign-made camera and accessories, be sure to register them in Canada Customs at point of departure. On request, the port officer will provide you with an officially stamped form, identifying the serial numbers of your camera, its lens or lenses, and other supplementary equipment to be taken out of Canada. In the absence of such an export identification, your possession of a foreign-made camera or equipment may be challenged on re-entry. Such identification by serial numbers may also be invaluable should the camera be lost or stolen at any time at home or abroad. Carry the form in a billfold, passport or other folder rather than in the camera case.

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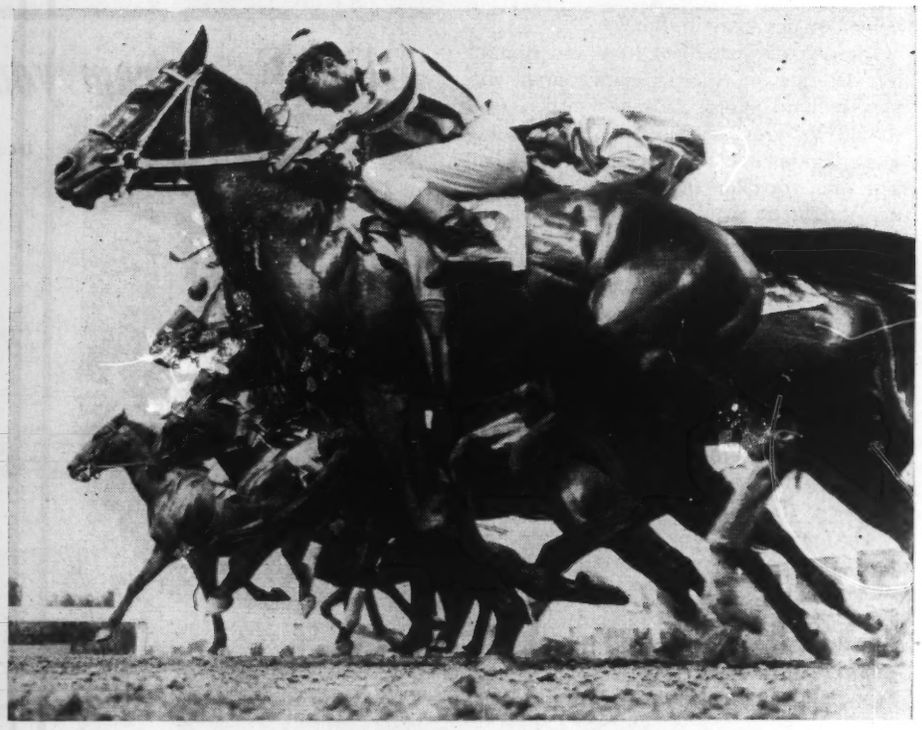

*Best Sports picture was won by Michael Burns, Toronto free lance photographer.*

advisable to take with you most of your estimated film requirements for the trip, particularly color. Supplies of monochrome film are obtainable in most European countries without difficulty, but in dollar-short places, you cannot always buy name brands to which you are accustomed in North America. There is a shortage of Kodachrome and similar color films in several overseas countries. Where you can obtain it, the cost is invariably higher than in Canada or the U.S.

Most European countries place a limit on the amount of film the tourist may take in without payment of duty, but the quantity is generous in practically all cases. Within a reasonable margin, few overseas customs officers embarrass the tourist camera hobbyist. In the odd country where film import regulations are strictly enforced, film not required for use in that country may be placed in customs bond at the point of entry, and picked up when leaving.

In North America there are no regulations against carrying a camera in the cabin of an aircraft. While in flight, you may take pictures of the scene below with no greater hindrance involved than the moisture condensation and weather scum on the glass of the port. Travelling by air overseas, however, several countries do not permit photography from aircraft in flight. In such cases the camera must be checked with your general luggage, not taken into the cabin. You will be advised of this when reporting to the reception desk prior to boarding the aircraft.

Where you intend taking color pictures from the air, flying over countries which permit it, cap your lens with a skylight or UV filter. This practice is advisable, too, picture-making in mountain country where elevation exceeds 3,000 feet. A filter of this type helps screen out ultraviolet light found in medium and high altitudes, and thus reduces the tendency of transparencies to an excessively blue overtone produced by UV rays. With most filters of this type no exposure modification is usually necessary.

Exposure allowance, nevertheless, will be needed to compensate for extra brightness of light which normally prevails at altitudes over 2,000 feet. Between 2,000 and 4,000 feet, use half an F stop less than you would normally put into effect at any given shutter speed, shooting on the ground under similar lighting conditions. Above 4,000 it is necessary to close down the F stop diaphragm a full stop below normal, to avoid over-exposure.

When you are visiting places during a once-in-a-lifetime trip, exposure hazards can be cut by adopting the "bracket" system. By this plan, estimate first what you believe to be the correct exposure, having regard to light conditions, nature of subject matter, and the speed of film in use. Having made the first shot, take a second picture, halving the exposure. Do this by closing down the diaphragm a full F stop, or cutting the shutter timing in half. Complete the bracketing procedure by taking a third picture, for which the original exposure is doubled by opening the diaphragm a full stop larger, or doubling the first shutter setting.

With most cameras, F stop settings are more accurate than shutter calibrations; the safest plan then is to regulate exposures entirely by change of the F stop.

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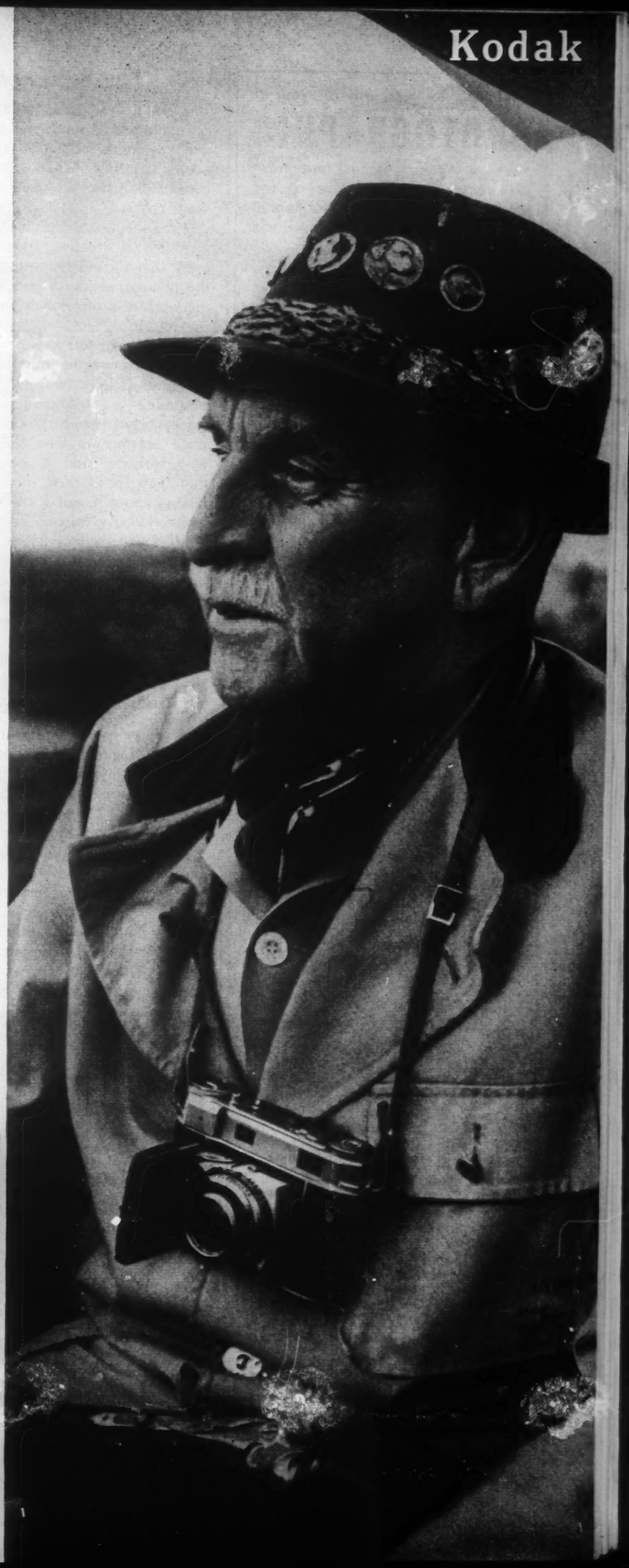

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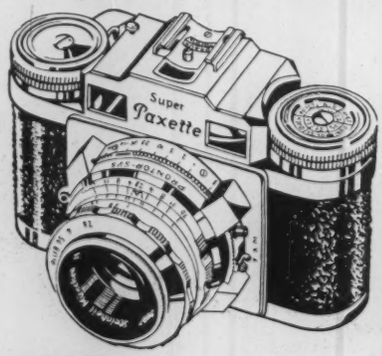


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## The Sorting Out

IT IS EASY to remain immune to the lure of photography until you take a picture that has some life in it. You go around taking snapshots for the record, but your camera is only a "machine" and your snaps prove it.

Then comes the moment when you feel like a creative artist. This is the event that sorts out the snapshooters from the photographers. You begin to look at the work of professionals and wonder how they did it.

If you have lots of cash lying around, you may make the mistake of buying a thousand dollars' worth of gadgets and becoming a "gadgeteer". Experienced camera club members will tell you that there are people who are so entranced by expensive and ingenious equipment that they spend their time buying it and talking about it and really care very little about taking pictures.

Most experts will advise you to buy a few simple accessories for the camera you have and to extend it to its limit. Then no one will have to "sell" you a more expensive and versatile camera. You will not only know what you want, but you will know why you want it.

## Flash Guns

THE FIRST THING you will probably buy is a flash gun. The small, folding kind with the tiny, but powerful hearing-aid batteries, is excellent and costs only about five dollars. There are tiny bulbs on the market now which give plenty of light, especially when used with the new, fast films. Five of these bulbs come in a box about the size of a cigarette package and cost about 12 cents each.

The natural inclination with this new toy is to take all your pictures indoors at night. When you are at this stage, remember that a flash straight in the face

*The best industrial photograph of show was taken by Ken Bell of Toronto.*

*Winner of the Pets and Animals award was Chris Lund, National Film Board.*

makes a flat picture. If the cord is long enough so that the gun can be held high and to one side, the "modelling" is improved. This will increase your chances of getting a "live" picture. If the gun will not detach, try holding a piece of white cardboard so that some of the flash is reflected to one side of the face.

But don't fall into the trap of taking all your pictures after dark and indoors just because you have a flash gun. This is the first step towards becoming a "gadgeteer". Take your flash outdoors.

You have seen press photographers flashing bulbs in the noonday sun. They do this to fill in the black shadows under hats and eyebrows. This technique will do wonders for your pictures taken in partial shade. It removes the old tyranny of always having the sun over your left shoulder.

## Strobe Light

YOU MAY graduate next to an electronic strobe light. You can buy one for $40 to $50. The gas-filled tube gives 10,000 or more flashes. It can be used just like a flash gun, but has many advantages. There is no need to pause while you change bulbs. Most units will "recycle" while you are winding the film on the next frame.

With a strobe light your pictures will probably be sharper because there is no "camera movement". The light is extremely intense, but has a duration of only 1/1000th to 1/3000th of a second. This is fast enough to freeze the action of a falling rain drop (which opens to you another whole area of photography) and therefore does not depend on the steadiness of your hand or the speed of your shutter.

If your camera has a focal plane shutter a word of warning must be given. It may be possible to synchronize the light with your shutter only at 1/25th of a second. This gives poor results with outdoor pictures because you will often get a double exposure.

## The Tripod

AFTER THE FLASH and strobe stage, you will think about tripods.

Tripods cost from $5 to $50, but whatever they cost they must be rigid. A tripod with even the slightest wobble will drive you crazy. Take the camera to the shop and try the tripod before you buy.

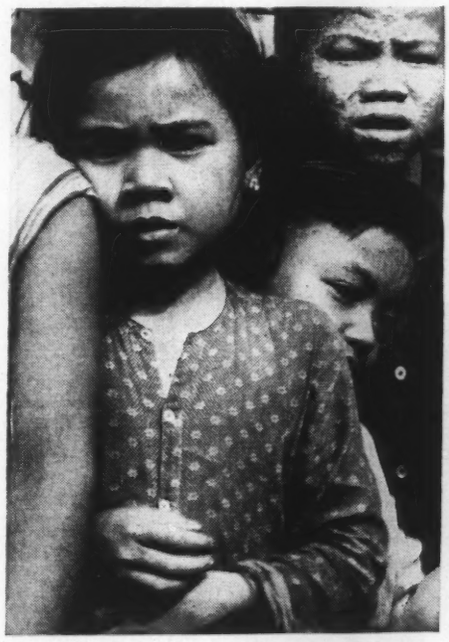
The first good time exposure will be most gratifyingly clear and sharp. Some people find this kind of photography so satisfying that their flash guns get rusty while they find more and more use for tripod studies, indoors and out.

To supplement the tripod you must have a cable release (from 75 cents up). You can buy one 30 feet long (for about $10) that will enable you to take shots of animals, wild and domestic, if you have the patience for this sort of thing.

## Simple Accessories

IF YOUR CAMERA has no self timer, you can buy an attachable one for about $2.50, which will give you about ten seconds to get into the picture with the family before it trips the shutter. It can also be useful if you should forget your cable release because it trips the shutter gently and allows you to hold the camera steady with both hands.

Lens "flare", which is caused by extraneous gleams of light hitting the lens obliquely, seems to be a greater menace with time exposures than with quick snaps. The cure for this is a lens shade, costing about $2.50 to $4.00. Some photographers also claim that lens shades keep picture contrast high, by keeping from the lens all but the light you actually want in the picture. A good lens brush (about $1) is essential as you become



*Herb Taylor of the NFB took the trophy for the Best Press Feature.*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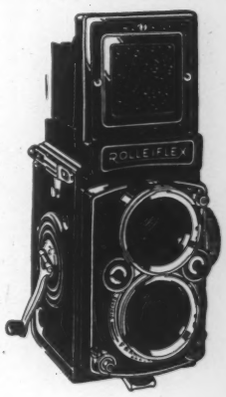


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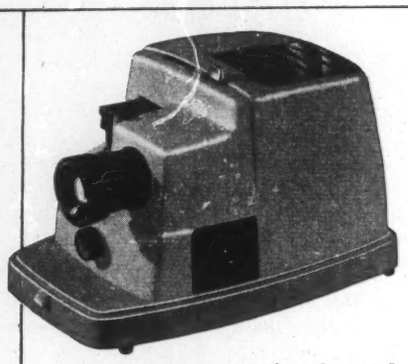
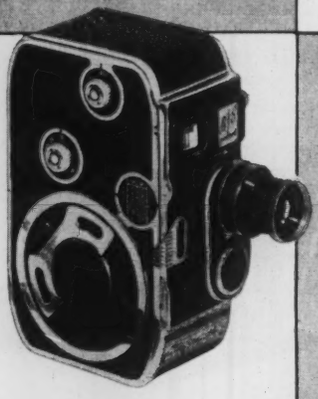


*Viewlex Project-O-Matic* 35mm slide projector with built-in carrying case.



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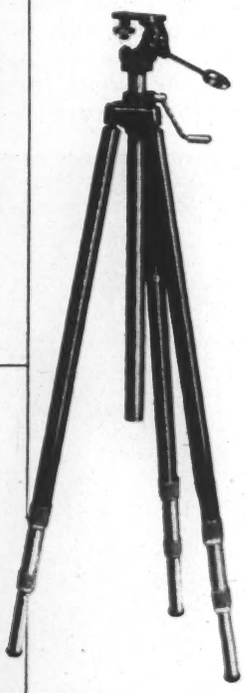

*Whitehall Prince* luxury elevator tripod.

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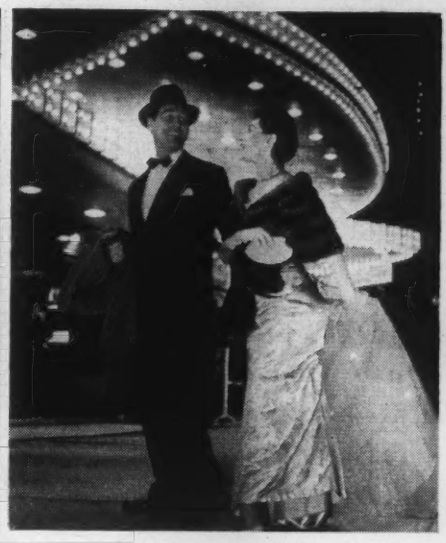

*This fashion shot by Ken Bell of Toronto was best of its class.*

more critical of small imperfections in your pictures. And you should polish your lens with lens tissue only, making sure you brush off the small particles of grit with your brush before you start to polish.

## Rules for Action

IF YOU HAVEN'T the patience for time exposures and tripods, the chances are you will get into another branch of photography which is just as absorbing. This is "action".

The first thing is to learn to "zone focus" your camera. This is when you start to think like a press photographer. You size up the action you are liable to get. Is it a picnic or a party? Of course, if you are using a strobe light you will have no worries about stopping the action, but if it is out of doors you can figure 1/200th of a second will stop anything you are liable to get. Check your meter for the lens opening needed. If there is plenty of light, you may find f16 indicated at 1/200th. Then check your depth of field scale. (If there is none on the camera, one can be purchased at very little cost.)

With a 75 millimeter lens set at f16, the depth of field is from 10 feet to about 50 feet. The camera is actually focussed at 15 feet, but everything five feet closer and 35 feet beyond will be reasonably sharp. If you don't think you need all this depth of field, then increase the shutter speed, just to be on the safe side, and open up the lens to f11. This will cut your focus area to 10-30 feet.

Falling bodies can be stopped at 1/500th of a second. If you are limited to 1/250th, you can get the picture by "panning", which means to follow the action down with your camera, snapping on the way and following through like a golf swing. This will blur the diving tower in the background but may give a greater

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sense of motion than action frozen in mid air.

Here are some general rules for action shots. Action across the camera needs greater shutter speed than action toward or away from the camera. The further the action is away from the camera the less shutter speed is needed. The best action shots of people walking or running are usually at 45 degrees to the camera.

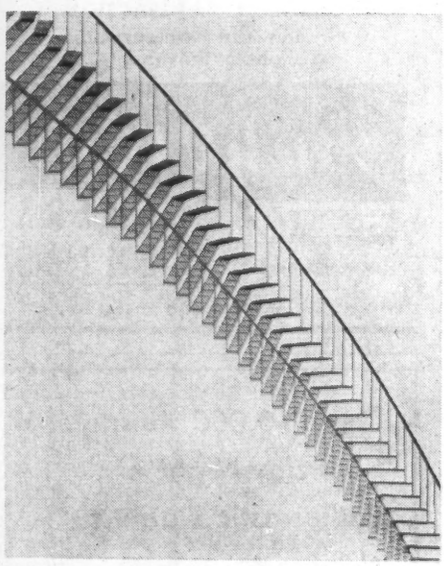
With a normal walking pace across the camera at right angles, the body action can be stopped with 1/200th of a second (again the distance is about 15 feet). There may be some blur of hands or feet, but this can be stopped with 1/300th. By "panning" with the walker, 1/50 will do the trick (this can be done fairly well with a box camera), but the background will be blurred. Running across the camera takes 1/500th at 15 feet. A "pan" shot will stop a not-too-fast runner at 1/100th, but the background will be blurred.

## The Negative

THE "HOME DEVELOPING KIT" is quite simple to use, does not require a darkroom and the results are very gratifying. The tanks sell for $2.85 to $5.70 (daylight-load types from $11 to $23). There is a "seven-minute processor" now on the market for about $29.

There are two advantages to making your own negatives. First, you can take the extra care to get really clean negatives. Second, you can experiment with film and developer until you hit a combination exactly right for your purposes.

You can do this work without disrupting the household and all you need is a tank, a couple of large jars to hold the chemicals, a measuring graduate, a thermometer and a fine cellulose sponge to wipe the negatives (or some wetting agent like Photo-Flo so they will dry without spotting).

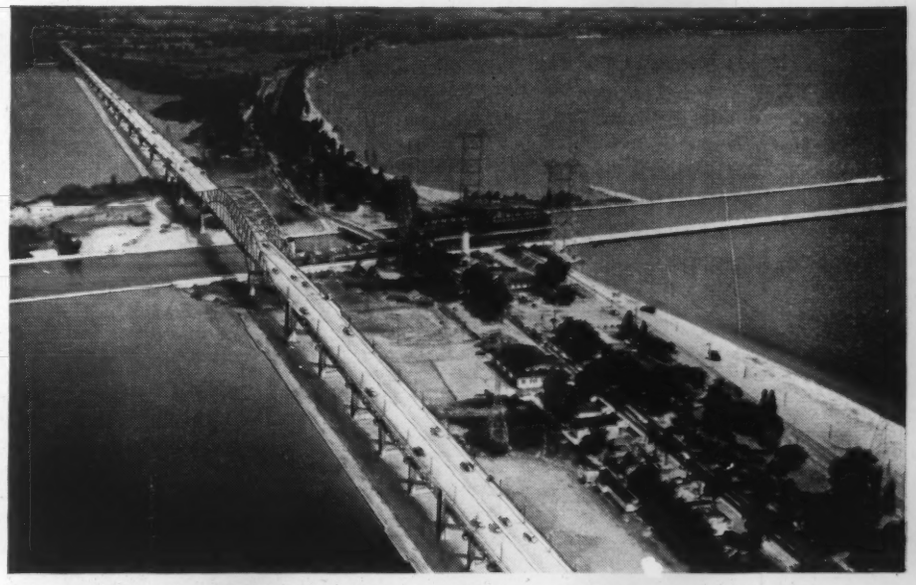


*Douglas Paisley of Sarnia won the award for Best Architectural Photo.*

# *The Amazing Bridge Builder*

by Harry Rasky

*Burlington bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down . . .*
*Who will build her up again, up again, up again? . . .*



*New Burlington skyway will clear all shipping traffic.*

CHILDREN in the Toronto-Hamilton area a few years back seized on a bizarre situation to update a famous old English nursery rhyme. Fate stepped in to eliminate one of Canada's stupidest traffic bottlenecks, when one half of the lift bridge at Burlington, Ontario, refused to lift and was clipped away by a passing ship.

For years angry motorists had cursed the planning that had left an antique span smack in the middle of Canada's busiest highway, the Queen Elizabeth Way. Cars and trucks would race along the superhighway from Toronto or Niagara Falls, only to find long waits at Burlington while the bridge was up to allow ships to pass. A not-so-silent prayer was often, "I wish the damn thing would collapse, so we would get a proper bridge". Their prayer was majestically answered.

Ontario's Department of Highways was faced with the problem of deciding who would "build her up again, up again", this time to stay. A giant skyway was planned with an above-water clearance of 132 feet to enable deep-sea ships with 120-foot mastheads to pass in and out of Hamilton Bay without disrupting traffic. It was decided to break up the contracts for the $15 million that the bridge would cost.

When the bidding was over and the contracts announced, the big business world of bridge building was stunned. A relative newcomer with a comparatively small operation, Joe Tanenbaum of Runnymede Steel, had walked away with the biggest chunk of the project. His contract for almost $4 million was for the construction of the two 2,100-foot approaches, and is one of the largest structural steel contracts ever given by the Ontario Department of Highways. And Tanenbaum's competitors are still talking about the fact that Runnymede's bid was almost $700,000 less than the lowest other tender.

How is he going to do it? Joe Tanenbaum smiles with cool confidence: "I have figured it out. I know it can be done."

Those who have followed the career of Joe Tanenbaum know that if Joe says it is so, it is so.

Joe's type of success story, from rags-and-bones to riches (literally) is fast disappearing as a North American phenomenon. Born in Lublin, Poland, in 1906, he arrived in Toronto with his mother and brother Max, when a young boy. His father, Abraham, was one of the bearded patriarchs who roamed the city's streets with a horse and wagon, collecting junk. Young Joe left Toronto's Annette Public School at Grade VI to sit beside his father as he made his rounds, and learned the hard way about iron and steel and its value.

Those days, of driving the *ferdeleh* in the side-street search for scrap metal, taught Joe much about business and humanity. The first expansion came when it was time to trade in the horse for a Ford truck in 1923. Old Abraham Tanenbaum sold the horse to a man on condition he personally care for it. When the buyer turned up a few weeks later with a new horse, Abraham asked what had become of his faithful *ferdeleh*. The man said it had died. And Abraham glared at him and said bitterly, "Then, I hope you die".

Joe Tanenbaum never forgot that moment.

Sam Itawczuk, a broad-shouldered workman who has been with Joe since 1930 says, "He is a good boss, Joe. Maybe that is why in the 26 years I have been working for him I have never missed a day's work because of illness or accident."

Fred Bullman, 63-year-old truck driver, recalls the days when Joe rode up front beside him. After 29 accident-free years he sums up his feeling with, "Joe has used me well".

Along with Joe Tanenbaum's personal relations with his men goes his fantastic drive. He recalls, "To work an 18-hour day in the old days was normal".

He learned building, starting at the top and working his way down—that is, he started with wrecking. His first dismantling job was the old Rouge River bridge, outside of Toronto on the Kingston highway. Using a cable strung across the deep ravine, he applied an idea acquired from a newspaper article on a CNR operation, and with two helpers hoisted out some 150 tons of steel scrap.

His face and body are scarred with the

wounds of work. Once, in the scrap iron days, he broke his nose while heaving debris. Once, in the demolition days, while dismantling a swing bridge at Welland he was electrocuted and 22,000 volts passed through his body. Doctors said it was a miracle he lived.

Once, at Woodbridge, a steel beam crashed down on his skull and split his head open. And once, while building the Highland Creek bridge, east of Toronto on Highway Two, after he ordered all the men off during a final inspection, he fell, dropped 30 feet, rolled another 70 down an incline, and broke his back. A week later, covered by a cast, he was back at work and out on location.

Joe considers that Highland Creek bridge a far greater challenge than his $4 million contract at Burlington. He says, "First of all, we had to knock down one of the walls of our west-end building to construct the parts of the bridge. And my dad asked me, 'Who have you got to put up the bridge?' I said there's a fellow from Runnymede can do it. And dad said, 'You must be crazy, we haven't got anyone who can put up a bridge!' And I said, 'Yes, we have—Joe Tanenbaum'."

Joe has literally figured out how to build from tearing down. In fact, he feels that demolition is a tougher part than building. He says, "When you are tearing down, first you have to figure out how it got up. Constructing a building is nothing. You start plumb and the rest follows."

He has torn down some of Canada's oldest landmarks. Years ago he demolished the famous old Bank of Commerce building on Toronto's King Street. He had five weeks to do it in. It came down on time. He has also removed Toronto's Princess Theatre, the Windsor customs and post office, and the CNR coal dock at Port Arthur.

But it is bridges that today fire the imagination of Joe Tanenbaum. He appears to enjoy the seemingly impossible. Recently he had the job of constructing a large truss-span bridge over the Spanish River near Espanola, on Highway 17 (part of the Trans-Canada Highway). His problem was that he wasn't able to construct the usual falsework on which to build the bridge. Winter currents would likely have washed them away. So, he built the bridge on dry land, and constructed four steel barges on floats. On these he mounted steel girders.

*Joe Tanenbaum: Fantastic drive.*

A few weeks ago with television cameras grinding, he gently floated the bridge across the river on the floats. Engineers were sceptical, and when it came time to push it across they advised that it would take 40 tons of pulling power. Joe smiled, leaned against the structure and began pushing it by hand.

When government officials and the steel company giants who had to supply the raw materials heard that Joe had undertaken the Burlington project they thought it was a tough one, but not too big for Joe. Algoma, U.S. Steel, the Steel Company of Canada, and Bethlehem have provided him with the stock.

At 49, Joe still works at least a 12-hour day, starting at 7:15 each morning. He stands five feet five inches, and weighs about 195 pounds. His skin has taken on the coloring of copper; his features are bluntly chiseled. His hands are heavy from his early days of applying sledge hammer to rivets. To handle the Burlington project he is going to double his staff and is constructing a plant at Dixie, near Toronto, at a cost of $400,000. Meantime he is completing a bridge across the French River, which will have the longest single truss-span in Ontario.

The bright young man of the Runnymede steel empire is Tanenbaum's 26-year-old son, Wayne, who now holds the post of secretary-treasurer. Some day Wayne will have to fill his father's well-worn shoes. Meantime, Joe Tanenbaum is building the biggest bridges he can find.

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# Dominion Stores Sets Sales, Profit Records; Announces Expansion From Coast to Coast

## 28 New Stores Opened In Year; 100 Planned

Dominion Stores Limited reports the year ended March 17, 1956, was the greatest in its 36-year history. Record consolidated sales of $219,735,831 are 39.7% above preceding year's peak of $157,286,000 and net earnings of $4,326,000 or $2.68 a share (after deducting Thrift Stores' profits of $168,738 prior to June 30) are 60.7% ahead of $2,691,602 or $2.13 a share for year ended March 19, 1955. Per share profits are based on 1,610,000 shares in 1956 and 1,260,056 in 1955. Before deducting Thrift Stores' profit, net income of $4,494,738 was equal to 2.04 cents per dollar of sales.

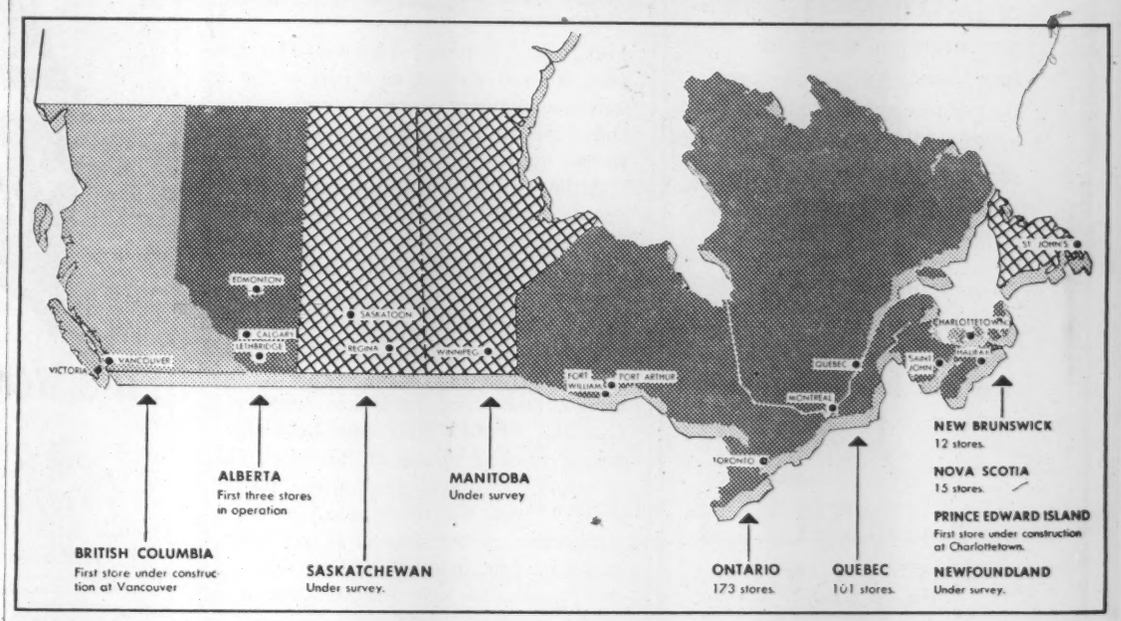
Plans to extend operations from coast to coast have been completed, T. G. McCormack, President, announces. A number of sites have been acquired in Western Canada and modern markets will be built. Construction has started on an initial outlet in Vancouver. A scientific long-range program to aid in the growth of the West has been established. Concurrently, the continuing development of communities in Eastern Canada will proceed at an accelerated pace.

Excellent progress was made in the planned development program, Mr. McCormack says. More than 100 retail units were added through new construction and purchase of existing stores in Eastern and Western Canada. During the year 28 new units (21 Dominion and seven Thrift) were opened and eight smaller ones closed, making 304 retail units at March 17. Of the 100 new store projects currently in progress (excluding the special long-range program for Western Canada), 25 will be opened this year and a minimum of 60 over the next three years.

Balance sheet at March 17 reflects additional financing and acquisition of Thrift Stores and Town and Country Food Centre. Working capital is at an all time high of $13,054,351, an increase of $7,146,185. Ratio of current assets to current liabilities is 2.2 to one. Net fixed assets are $10,214,071 higher. Inventories at $10,978,772 represent normal requirements and less than three weeks' supply. Shareholders' equity is $21,953,489 and earned surplus was $13,384,151 at March 17.

THOMAS G. McCORMACK
*President, Dominion Stores Limited*

## *First All-Canada Food Chain*




The 36th annual report of Dominion Stores Limited confirmed rumours that Dominion plans to expand its operations to a national scale, with stores in every province. With 304 stores Dominion is now Canada's largest retail food organization and the proposed western expansion will create the nation's first coast to coast food chain.

**DOMINION STORES LIMITED**

## FINANCIAL FACTS AT A GLANCE

| | For the years ended 17th March 1956 | 19th March 1955 |
|---|---|---|
| SALES | $219,735,831 | $157,286,000 |
| NET EARNINGS | $ 4,326,000 | $ 2,691,602 |
| — Equal per share to | $ 2.68 | $ 2.13 |
| DIVIDENDS | $ 1,372,025 | $ 945,042 |
| — Equal per share to | 95¢ | 75¢ |
| EARNINGS REINVESTED IN THE BUSINESS | $ 2,953,975 | $ 1,746,560 |
| CURRENT ASSETS | $ 23,815,313 | $ 12,849,582 |
| CURRENT LIABILITIES | $ 10,760,962 | $ 6,941,416 |
| WORKING CAPITAL | $ 13,054,351 | $ 5,908,166 |
| SHAREHOLDERS' EQUITY | $ 21,953,489 | $ 14,495,233 |
| Number of Stores at end of year | 304 | 207 |

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No. 58, Quarterly, 50¢ per share, payable June 30th, 1956 to holders of record at the close of business on June 5th, 1956.

V. J. NIXON,
Secretary.

Montreal, May 25th, 1956.


# Gold & Dross

## Hayes Steel

*For several months, Hayes Steel shares have declined in value, whereas practically every other industrial stock has shown a considerable increase. Can you give any reason for this decline?—T.G.W., London, Ont.*

The reason is rather obvious. The company is considered to be a part of the automotive industry since it does considerable business with car-makers in making various parts.

Although "'practically every other industrial stock" may have been climbing until the recent break in prices, automotive shares certainly have been going the other way. This has been particularly true in the United States, where car output is well down after 1955's booming business.

This bearish sentiment towards the automotive and allied fields has spread into Canada, although auto sales here are reported running ahead of last year. Once investors "get down" on a group, it's hard to turn them the other way.

However, in the case of Hayes Steel, it might be kept in mind that its report for the year ended July 31, 1955 noted that in the company's fiscal year there was actually "no increase in the number of automobiles produced". This would indicate that this year's report will reflect the greater car production in the second half of 1955.

At the same time, the company had a 15 per cent increase in sales last year as a result, largely, of other business which it undertakes. Its profit climbed to $2.32 a share from $1.97.

But despite this relatively good showing, the investor cannot escape the trend in the automotive business to increased integration rather than sub-contracting to parts suppliers like Hayes Steel.

It is this factor which undoubtedly has had a lot to do with the present $30½ price for shares—the low for the year. The stock has dropped quietly from a high earlier this year of $36. Last year it sold as high as $38.

## Dominion Electrohome

*Do you consider Dominion Electrohome an investment for capital appreciation or a speculative proposition? — G.T.H., Kitchener, Ont.*

Dominion Electrohome might be considered a step above a "businessman's speculation". The company has been established long enough and has shown excellent growth in highly-competitive fields to warrant an opinion that it is here to stay.

Yet, because of the many areas of its activity, it does contain certain risks.

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**BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED**

DIVIDEND No. 11

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty-five cents (35¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 16th July, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21st June, 1956.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

G. G. WOODWARD,
Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
31st May, 1956.



**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

**DIVIDEND NO. 278**

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of thirty-five cents per fully-paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending July 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on August 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on June 30, 1956.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD

N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager

Toronto, May 25, 1956

With dividends paid this year amounting to 30 cents and last year's total only 20 cents, the shares could hardly be classed as an investment. An investment would be one where the investor seeks return in the form of interest or dividends.

In 1955, Dominion Electrohome earned $3.73 a common share, compared with 13 cents in 1954. Earnings have been prone to fluctuate widely, mostly because of wild swings in the television and appliance business. In these fields, the company has had to fight the giant companies that are subsidiaries of U.S. firms.

However, it has been spreading its interests by getting into more technical electronic fields. Recently it joined with Raytheon of the U.S. in taking a 35 per cent interest in Raytheon Canada Ltd., which will install radar in 15 major airfields across Canada.

Another part of its operations is in furniture, which can provide a solid backing. The company makes a fine line for sale to consumers, as well as supplying the needs of its other divisions.

One of the big factors behind the ability of Dominion Electrohome to weather storms like 1954 is its management. This is a factor which probably is the most important in considering a company like this as a potential investment. In effect, a new shareholder gambles on the ability of the management to build up the company. Outside observers and competitors acknowledge the far-sightedness of Dominion Electrohome officers.

The shares currently trade at about $11½. This is near their high for this year of $12 and well above the low of $7. On the basis of last year's earnings of $3.73 a share, the price to earnings relationship is low. Obviously, the market feels that earnings can drop as quickly and as much as they rise. However, in the first quarter of the year, the company has reported "very good business".

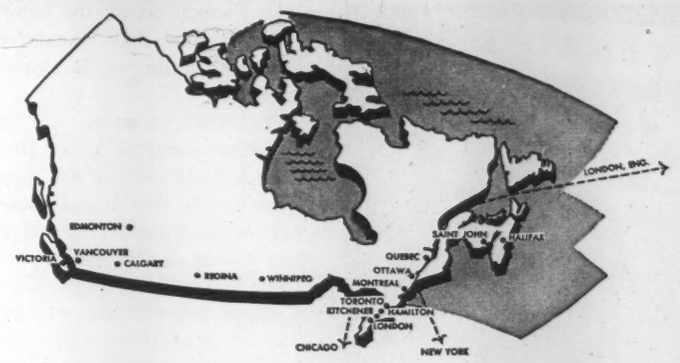
## Rio Tinto

*What is your opinion of Rio Tinto Mining Co. of Canada portfolio of Canadian holdings?—G.S., Montreal, Que.*

What can we say other than if any Canadian mining company is going to be successful over the years, it will likely be Rio Tinto? This is a big and powerful part of a world-wide organization that is believed to include even investment by the Queen and her family.

By now, even the most financially-naive Canadian probably knows about the big merger of Rio Tinto and the uranium and other interests of Joe Hirshhorn. If you are a holder of Rio Tinto bonds, you should have a copy of the prospectus issued when the bonds were offered. This required statement shows the major interests of Rio Tinto Canada.

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*Your enquiries concerning investment matters are welcome; we invite you to consult us.*

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At a rough count, the company has interests in more than 70 mining companies in various stages of development, exploration, etc.

The major interests are the uranium properties acquired from Mr. Hirshhorn. These include some of the biggest uranium mines in the world and these will likely play the most important part in the immediate future of Rio Tinto.

The giant mining organization will have its hands full bringing into production its uranium properties. Right now it is reported seeking ways to broaden markets for uranium, particularly for the sale of uranium products in the United Kingdom.

Unfortunately, the industry is wound up in government secrecy, but it is likely that over the years Rio Tinto will play an important part in the growth of the industry.

Specifically, here are some of its holdings: Algom Uranium, Pronto Uranium, Lake Nordic Uranium, Panel Consolidated, Spanish American Mines, Brunswick Mining and Smelting, Oceanic Iron Ore, Preston East Dome Mines, Consolidated Howey Gold Mines (and through it, Geco Mines), Willroy Mines, Anglo Rouyn Mines.

Some of the projects of major promise include an interest in Pine Point Mines, work on property adjoining the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway. Properties are held across Canada, any of which might be developed into producing mines.

It is highly probable that Rio Tinto will play a major role in the development of Canada's natural resources. With the backing of the uranium properties that will soon be producers, it will have no trouble obtaining money.

The company is aware of Canadian sentiment for Canadian participation in such ventures and street reports indicate that it may soon offer common shares to Canadian investors. Meanwhile, its 5 per cent debentures, issued earlier this year, provide a conservative vehicle for the investor yet carry possibilities of capital appreciation through warrants to purchase shares. These warrants provide for the purchase of 100 common shares for each $1,000 of bond at $1 to May, 1959, and then at $2 to May, 1962.

## In Brief

*Was your recent comment on Continental Copper correct?—A.M.B., Victoria.*

No. We made a mistake there. Continental Copper shares are currently trading over-the-counter between 36 cents and 39 cents. They have climbed as high as 42 cents, dropped back to about 28 cents and then climbed back.

*I have shares in Morris Kirkland. Are they a total loss?—F.A., Woodstock, Ont.*

Nothing has been heard from the company for some time.

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LEFT: *Helen Cleveland: "Women invest the way they shop."*

RIGHT: *Helen Sparling: "Women grasp the principles quickly."*

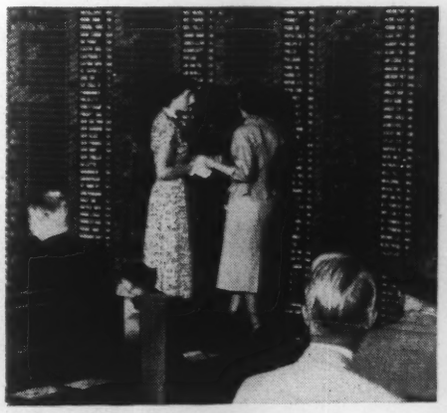
# *Careers in Investment*

by Fern Rahmel

THE NEED for security is one of woman's most compelling and consistent drives; a sense of security is as basic to her well-being as an understanding of her sex. It is this that enables her to be a good homemaker—or a sound investor.

This is the consensus of five women whose business it is to help their clients handle their money, whether as investment counsellors or as that rare thing in the hurly-burly of stock exchanges, customers' women. All of them handle accounts for both men and women and with a unanimity rare among their sex they all say that women are just as shrewd and capable in the fields of finance as men are. Indeed, they add, while women are inclined to be more cautious than men, they are also less prone to panic. Once they grasp the principles of investment, their judgment is just as sound and, because security is so important to them, they are less inclined to let emotion override intelligence.

"Women invest money the way they shop," says Helen Cleveland, who has managed the women's department at Wood Gundy and Company for thirty years. "They take a good look at what they are buying and they want value. Money means a lot to everyone — food, shelter, entertainment. While women don't have as much money as men, there are more of them and in the aggregate, many small accounts bulk large."



*Boardroom, clerks, customers.*

Miss Cleveland, who was the first woman in Canada to do this kind of work, came to it without any special training but with certainty that this was what she wanted to do because she had always been interested in hearing her father, who was a mining engineer, talk about the financial aspect of his work. She learned her job from the inside out, building up her clientele and her confidence in herself and theirs in her, which is the foundation of this business, as she went.

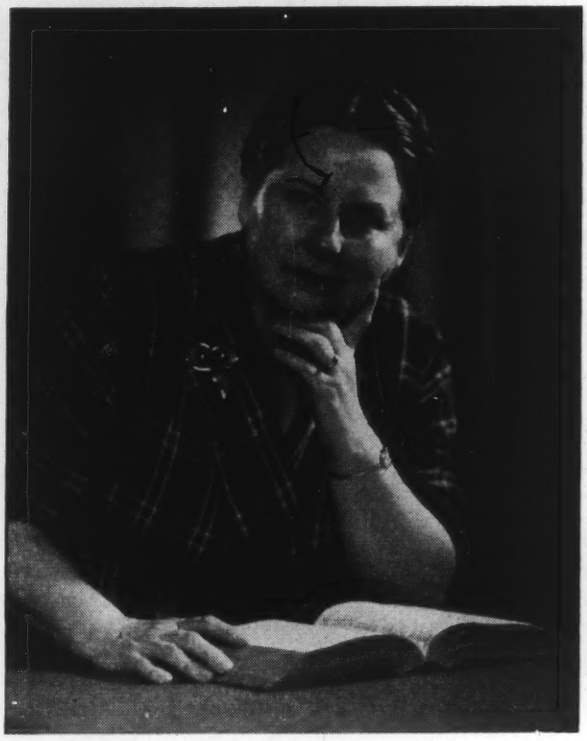
Miss Cleveland is getting ready to take an extended leave. She intends to travel and have a little more time for the interests that have absorbed her spare time. She has been president of the Zonta Club, and served as its International President for several years. She has also been on the National Executive of the Health League and has worked hard for the Second Mile Club. One of her most successful projects has been classes for women on the business of investing. She figures that some 5,000 women attended during the years they were held. "We always had a capacity audience," she recalls, "and we considered it straight education. We never put them on our mailing-list."

Helen Sparling of McLeod, Young, Weir and Company, started in the investment business after graduating from Victoria College and taking a business course. She began as a stenographer with her present firm in its early days and as she was interested in the selling end of it, eventually began doing it. She has found it absorbing and endlessly fascinating.

"The whole atmosphere at the moment is charged with excitement over the growth of Canada and its industries," she says. "Women are as aware of the possibilities as anyone else and just as keen to participate. They are equally keen to preserve what they have and maintain their own security."

At least two brokerage houses in Toronto have the tense, telephone-punctured,

quotation-ridden atmosphere of their boardrooms softened by feminine charm. At Doherty Roadhouse and Co. is Violet Cook, a gay-spirited twinkling-eyed woman with an infectious laugh. Miss Cook began as a typist, graduated to the security cage with a staff of 20 under her, but had her eye on the selling floor and the ticker tape. Given a chance to prove her ability as a customers' "man", her thorough grounding in the brokerage business and a natural aptitude for finance, earned her the confidence and trust of her clients, about 75 per cent of them men. Women, she finds, are better investors than speculators, partly because they haven't so much money and rarely any to "play" with, but largely because of their built-in caution.



*Grace Clarke: "Investing is a whole process of education, about business and one's self."*

*Violet Cook: "Women hate to lose, but then, who doesn't? Caution is a good thing."*

Newest of the group to the business is Margaret Buchanan, customers' woman at J. P. Cannon. She is not in the boardroom but in a small, handsomely appointed office with a glass partition through which she can see the tape. She is a young widow who turned a hobby into a job. She handles speculative issues almost entirely and has found women good gamblers who will take the same chances as a man but who want to assess the situation more thoroughly before they do.

Grace Clarke at Thomson, Kernaghan and Co. began her career typing contract notices and answering the switchboard. Gradually as she began to know the clients and the business, she began to service them and when the mining market of 1935 began to roll, she was put on the order desk. "I was actually doing the work of a customers' woman," she says, "but never thought of myself as being one until I found myself sitting here." She has a quiet, confident manner and a philosophy evolved from a study of human nature and countless charts and graphs. "It's the balanced mentality that makes money," she says. "It takes patience, and the courage of one's convictions in the face of loss, and the ability to analyse one's own reactions as cold-bloodedly as a chart. Woman are as good at it as men."

*Margaret Buchanan: "Men are more panicky than women in a speculative market."*

# Letters

## Canadian Performers

. . . Our poor opinion (of Canadian performers), if such we have, comes to us from the performers themselves. By and large, they use Canada as a "nursery" and as a last resort. With the first lucrative offer coming from the U.S. or any other country, they are away without a backward glance . . . Let us first see the Canadian performer who does not have an inferiority complex about his country and then perhaps things will begin to change.

OTTAWA (MRS.) J. W. MORRISON

## Priestley

Why waste so much of your valuable space upon the patronizing and self-pitying J. B. Priestley? Can it be that English writers, so long accustomed to dishing it out, cannot take it?

HAMILTON, ONT. STUART ARMOUR

That, of course, was Mr. Priestley's way of apologizing (his article in SN for which no doubt you paid him at his own rate). One could name many current eminent writers, who, if asked to speak at a luncheon given by their publishers would not have dreamed of being so rude. In fact they would have got their beefs (if any) across with some degree of good nature that would have been just as effective. After all writers deal with words. Dr. Sanderson is a librarian of some stature. Those at the luncheon were not responsible for the failure of his publishers to find out if he would autograph a few books, and again, it wouldn't have hurt this writer to do that very thing . . .

TORONTO MARGARET BALDWIN

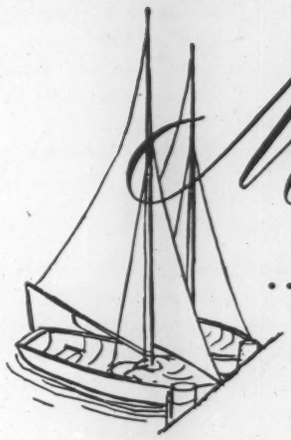
*Editor's note: Mr. Priestley's publishers had nothing to do with the luncheon. The promoters of the affair did not bother to ask Mr. Priestley before hand if he would give autographs.*

## Freud

"For Freud," says Professor Irving (SATURDAY NIGHT, May 12, p. 12), " . . . a man is interpreted as essentially the sport of irrational forces. The ultimate control . . . lies below the threshold of consciousness . . . where the voice of reason is never heard."

Let Freud speak for himself: "Our best hope for the future is that the intellect—the scientific spirit, reason — should in time establish a dictatorship over the human mind." (*New introd. lectures,* p. 219) . . .

Freud knew himself, and human nature in himself; and surely he himself was a rationalist of nineteenth-century temper, a scientist who preached the human impor-

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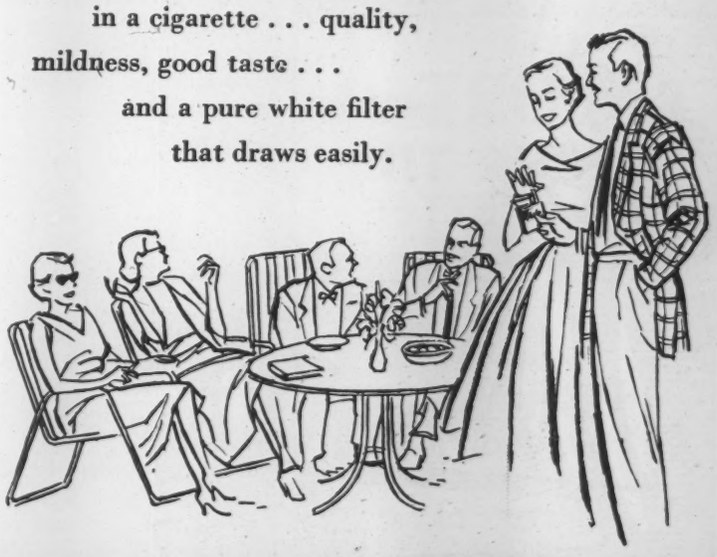

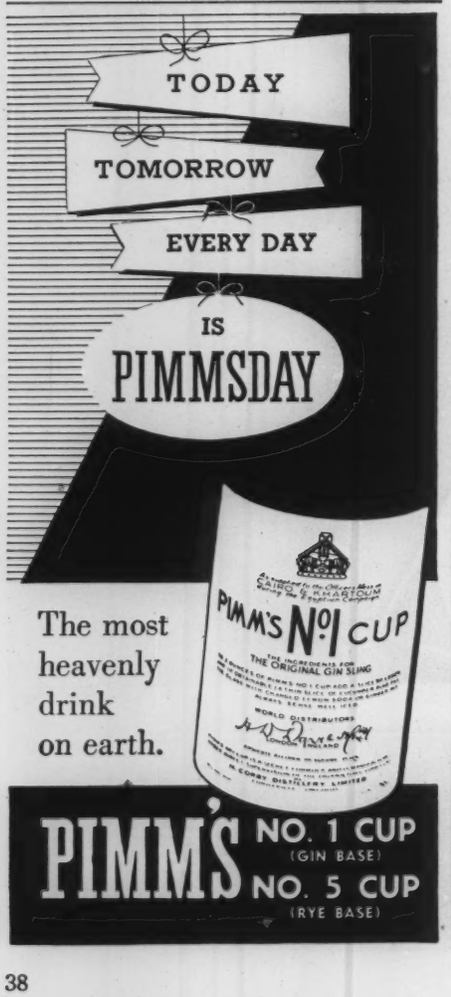


tance of what he called "the scientific Weltanschauung". It seems that when Professor Irving says, libellously, of philosophers in general that their evaluation of psychoanalysis does not depend upon the structure and content of psychoanalytical theories themselves, then he too is reading in the book of himself.

VANCOUVER D. G. BROWN

## Alcohol

. . . I wonder whether it has ever occurred to these anti-temperance forces that the chief cause of alcoholism is alcohol? More material on Swedish housing, cooperatives and labor relations, please.

SALTSPRINGS, ONT. FLEMMING HOLM

## Drama Festival

. . . Such drivel as the leading editorial on The Front Page ("Thank You Note") is neither funny, factual nor intelligent. A great many beside "temperance workers and members of the clergy" were annoyed by the singularly bad taste of Dave Ongley. You add nothing to the serious consideration of the problem by suggesting that the WCTU — who exist entirely on donations—should devote a sum to the Drama Festival, which is quite without their province, competitively with Calvert's, whose profits are from the sale of its beverages.

TORONTO G. A. HARRAP

## Ancient Issue

In an article on Mrs. W. M. Taylor, your reporter refers to the "annexation issue" in the election of 1911. It would have astounded the Liberals of 1911 to learn that the reciprocity agreement with the United States involved annexation, and would have surprised many Conservatives. But even more startling is the statement that Quebec voters were reacting to the threat of annexation. The major issue for French-Canadian voters in 1911 was not annexation, nor even reciprocity, but Laurier's naval policy and the threat of imperialism . . .

VANCOUVER H. B. NEATBY

## Jazz

. . . Mr. Krehm has either not yet discovered, or refuses to recognize any other form of jazz than Dixieland. Jazz cannot be defined, and it is ridiculous to believe that Dixie is jazz as it should be played. Louis Armstrong seems to be Bill Krehm's "god of jazz" but I doubt if he has ever listened to any one of the many modern trumpet players, who exceed Armstrong in artistry, though possibly not in showmanship.

I suggest that Mr. Krehm read Dick MacDougal's article to find out what progressive jazz is, before he shrugs it off as a poor imitation of Classical Music . . . Bill Krehm should remain in his classical field . . .

TORONTO PAUL SADOWSKI

## Militia

General Macklin in his discussion of the Canadian Militia conveniently ignores the fact that the *decisive* weapons are now air-borne. It is only the blind traditionalist who refuses to see that we are on the verge of an age in which even the piloted aircraft will be obsolete. The inter-continental missile, carrying a hydrogen warhead, will replace the huge, heavily-manned, long-range bomber—even now such missiles are in the advanced experimental stage. At the other end of the scale, tactical nuclear weapons make masses of troops impossible . . . Under the circumstances, therefore, small, highly-trained formations of ground troops are all that are needed . . . The fact is, the Militia itself is obsolete, a waste of men, money and time . . .

HALIFAX RAYMOND MACQUARRIE

*Editor's note: Mr. MacQuarrie seems to have missed an important point in the argument. With both sides possessing the nuclear weapons, there is a condition of stalemate, in which case the decision could go to the side with superior traditional forces.*

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 71 NO. 8 WHOLE NO. 3264

**PICTURE CREDITS:** Page 1, © Herb Nott; Page 5, Capital Press; Page 6, International Photos; Page 9, Herb Nott, Hart Wheeler, Peter Smith; Page 10, Miller, Anthony Buckley; Page 11, Miller; Page 12, Capital Press; Page 13, Toronto Star; Page 16, Nelson, Foster & Scott, Macmillan; Page 18, Columbia, 20th Century-Fox; Pages 20 to 28, courtesy CAPPAC; Page 29, Panda; Page 30, Gilbert Studio; Pages 35, 36, Ashley & Crippen, Herb Nott, Milne, NFB.

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## *The Seagram Gold Cup*

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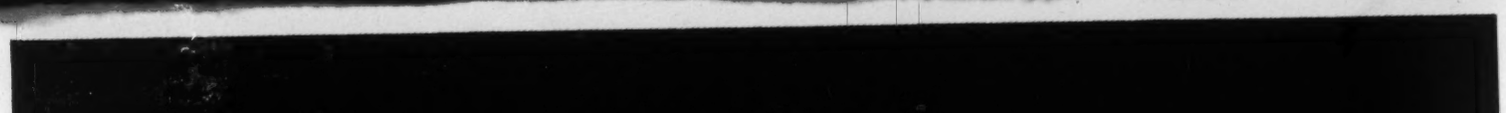
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